Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.
By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

THE Prohibition amendment was defeated in Oregon by 8,000.

BURGLARS are proving too numerous and troublesome in Williamsport.

A GERMAN named John Boade committed suicide in the Lewistown jail on Saturday morning, by strangling himself with a towel.

MATTHEW WINN, of Cambria borough, fell over a high bluff at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight station in that place, on Sunday night, and was killed.

Now that the temporary occupation of intense politicians in "saving their country" is ended once more, they must devote their attention to something else.

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania took advanced ground and won. The Republicans of New York State would also have won if they had been as courageous.

THE election of a Republican Congressman in Rhode Island is important in the fact that should the Presidential election go into the House of Representatives the Republicans would win.

A METHODIST Bishop of Charleston is trying to make out that that city occupies the site of the Garden of Eden, There may be some doubt about the garden, but none at all about the serpent.

THE latest figures give Hart a majority of 41,504 over McGrann. For an "off year" that will do very well, and particularly when it is remembered that every effort was made by the combination to defeat him. Beaver carried the State by 42,851 for Governor.

THE Pittsburg *Times* acknowledges the scarcity of cars on all the railroads, but believes that if there were better terminal facilities and it was not necessary to side-track so large number the present supply could be used to much better advantage.

IN about ten days the Pennsylvania Railroad Company expect to occupy their new and elegant station at Harrisburg. It will be a great improvement and largely facilitate the passenger business at that point, besides adding greatly to the appearance of that part of the State Capital.

THE managers of the saloons in Philadelphia were unusually bold last Sunday in keeping side doors open, and double the usual quantity of drunkenness and disorder disturbed the Sabbath hours. The victory of the saloon element in the recent city elections accounts for it.

NORTHUMBERLAND county elected two men of the same name Tuesday last. Jacob Cremer, the retiring sheriff, goes into the treasurer's office. His successor as sheriff is named Kramer. The only difference in the spelling of their names is that one uses an a where the other uses an e.

ONE more step should be taken in connection with the Anarchist excitement in Chicago. Miss Nina Van Zandt should do as she has threatened she would—she should commit suicide. This would remove the possibility that she will ever bring into the world children who may grow up to be as foolish as herself.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has plenty of trouble in his Interior Department, which Mr. Lamar presides over. The trouble is that Gen. Sparks, one of Mr. Lamar's subordinates, has criticised the policy of his superior and has ambitions to run the department in person. Mr. Lamar and Gen. Sparks are quarreling vigorously.

IT is a little singular, observes the Altoona *Tribune*, that the solitary American among the seven convicted anarchist murderers, and one of the four hanged, should have been a native of Alabama. The south has rather prided herself upon her conservatism and upon the absence of isms from her soil. Possibly she will claim that the northern associations of Parsons wrought his ruin.

The Final Act

On last Friday, at 11:54 o'clock, the four anarchists then in the jail in Chicago under sentence of death were executed. It was the final act of a most eventful chapter of history. It attracted the interest of the entire country, while it lasted.

The trial of the seven men was admirably conducted. The jury which was to decide the judgment as to their guilt was well chosen. Having been condemned by the court and sentenced, they were given two more trials before the highest tribunals in the land and each one affirmed the verdict and sentence of the court below. Notwithstanding this thorough trial—the fairest and most comprehensive, we are told, ever accorded by earthly justice—the sympathies and efforts of thousands of intelligent people were enlisted in their behalf.

It was perhaps wise for Governor Oglesby to do just as he did. He commuted the sentences of two of them—selecting the two whose characters were the least dark and odious, and who perhaps showed the greatest degree of regret for the dreadful act of which they were guilty. We congratulate the governor on the fact that he refused to yield to the sentimental whose sympathies overcame their better judgment. The execution of four should learn the restless, unlawful foreigners who come here that they dare not transgress law or put at defiance our civilized and Christian customs. We see not why any paper which advocates the use of dynamite or other means to commit murder should not be suppressed. Free speech is right and should not be interfered with. Agitation has effected many mighty movements. But speech which is intended to incite men to committ crime is crime itself, and as he who thus speaks is equally guilty with the one that commits the crime, he should be subjected to the same punishment.

The tragic, self-imposed death of Lingg, the most venomous reptile of the seven, seems like a judgment. The explosive cap was held between his teeth. He applied a lighted candle and his entire face was mangled frightfully. His sufferings for hours were fearful in the extreme.

Goodbye, Riddleberger.

The Democratic victory in Virginia entails one consequence which should be a matter of general satisfaction. It retires Riddleberger from the United States Senate. The country can stand a Republican but never a Democratic majority in the Senate. There have been occasional suggestions that it wouldn't immediately breed weevil in the wheat if that famous winter resort of millionaires and corporation lawyers were closed up finally.

But so long as we have an upper house of Congress, supposed to stand with conservatism and dignity between the statute books and the aberrations of the more emotional. Commoners, we should pray that never again may a Riddleberger have the casting vote in that body.

A rascal can be watched. The probable course of a confirmed jackass, even, we may foresee and to some extent guard against. But, except ultimate delirium tremens, there is absolutely no telling from one day to the other what to expect from a political guerrila who is habitually intoxicated.

In saying good by to Riddleberger the country has reason to regret the fact that it does not have to welcome Mahone to his seat.

That Snub.

It is a great pity that the beautiful Mrs. Cleveland didn't have an opportunity to snub every Republican in the country who was or will be a candidate for office. She snubbed Mr. Foraker, of Ohio, and he was elected by an increased majority. Now, if she had only snubbed Mr. Leeds, of Philadelphia, when she visited that city, it might have been his political salvation. Great is the power of a snub.

We admire Mrs. Cleveland, and for that snub she has our two-fold gratitude When the people of this country look at the great spectacle of a beautiful young lady snubbing a veteran of the war they are impressed, and if that veteran becomes a candidate for office they will vote for him. They will not snub him. Oh, no; they are content to leave that duty to Mrs. Cleveland, who can do it to perfection.

President of Princeton.

The resignation of Doctor McCosh from the Presidency of Princeton College has not been unexpected in the college world. He will retire with the regret of all who have been interested in the develpment of the American college system. When the late Doctor Gross retired from the Presidency of Jefferson College, in Philadelphia, he explained that the conservatism, of old age forbade his continuance in office. During his career as practitioner and teacher, he reminded his Faculty, a new school of medicine had been developed. New theories had been accepted and new methods in practice had been adopted. He declared, in effect, that while old physicians might to a degree keep abreast with the times, they could not be expected entirely to unlearn the old for the adoption of the new. Doctor McCosh offers old age as the cause of his retirement, but it must be said of him that, despite his denominational conservatism, he has been one of the most energetic of college reformers in this country. He had passed the age of three score years when he bravely crossed the Atlantic to begin a new career in a comparatively strange country. His writing from early manhood had been in harmony with Princeton conservatism, but his appreciation of the best methods in teaching have had a marked effect as shown in the changes of curriculum which have been made under his administration. He threw his individuality into his official position, and he has given Princeton both character and reputation. As did Doctor Porter, of Yale, Doctor McCosh will retain his special chair, and continue his work as a teacher under his successor He says truly: "I leave the college in a healthy state intellectually, morally and religiously." Venerable, progressive and intellectually vigorous, we have reason to expect that Doctor McCosh may give Princeton excellent service in the future, if not as the active director of the department of philosophy, at least as its emeritus professor.

We are truly sorry that he has retired. Not because we do not think that his age and long service entitle him to do so; but because we cannot see how, where or in whom a fit successor may be chosen. We have always regarded him as the ablest College President in this country. The curriculum of his institution is certainly the safest. Therefore, if Doctor McCosh believes that his strength is sufficient for continuance in office, he should have remained in the office of President. Of that, however, he alone can judge.

Not Quieted Yet.

It looks very much as if there must be more trouble with the anarchists. Their utterances are not in the least modified by the recent events in Chicago. They continue daily to make public harangues which should subject them to punishment as severe as that meted out to the fellows who swung at the end of a rope in Chicago. We publish a speech said to have been made in New York on Saturday evening by Herr Most, giving it only as a specimen of the kind of talk they indulge in:

FELLOW ANARCHISTS—I wish I could express in language the sadness of my heart, which grieves for my devoted brother anarchists who so bravely met death yesterday on the gallows. How brave, how noble, those four men were, you all know. Would that I knew their executioner—he would not fare well in this world.

The deaths of our brothers have brought hundreds to join our ranks. We have sworn to have vengeance, and we shall have it. * * * * * * They (the capitalistic press), say Lingg committed suicide. They lie. He was murdered and reported to have suicided. Do they want you or me to believe that his friends smuggled bombs into him? I say they lie. They lie! They lie! Grinnell, the perjured thief, secured witnesses to swear away the lives of seven innocent men. Their blood cries to heaven for vengeance, and it shall not cry in vain. A day of reckoning is approaching. Let those who were interested in the arrest, the trial, and the hanging beware. That debt shall be paid. I point my anger at Gary, Bonfield, the judges of the Supreme court, and that coward of a governor, Oglesby.

Have you read in the capitalistic press to day that newspaper spies are watching our rendezvous, and write what they sneaking overhear and see? From to-night our meetings shall be secret. I am an anarchist and willing to follow in the footsteps of my brave comrades. We are not afraid of soldiers and the milatreuse. We have weapons stronger. Long live anarchy! Anarchy forever!"

Our Schools.

The common school system of this country is worthy our special and careful attention. It is nobly planned and satisfactorily conducted and is accomplishing a great work for good. It is certain that we owe to it more than can be expressed. It is worthy the support and careful surveillance of every citizen.

What a vast army of young people it gathers into its folds! From all the classes, grades and nationalites in our country they come. Placing all of them on a level so far as mental advancement is concerned, its object is to fit each one citizenship. Faithfully followed, the course of study is just what is suited to the accomplishment of this purpose.

As the schools are now conducted they are most admirable. The branches studied are those best suited for the special purpose. If the teachers all over the land are ladies and gentleman such as those in Bellefonte they are of the very best. On the quality of the teacher much depends, and the endeavor should always be to secure teachers who are intelligent and patient and who are Christians.

The pupils must have precept and example before them to give them inspiration. Hence, the moral deportment of a teacher is perhaps the most important.

If all the children in the country have the knowledge and training that are acquired in these schools, or in schools equally excellent, they will truly be good citizens. They will not be anarchists; and they are not likely to develop into criminals.

Therefore, no child should be permitted to grow up ignorant. It should be required that at least five years, between seven and twelve years of age, be spent in the acquisition of knowledge. The country is now ready to enact compulsory education laws.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Huntingdon to the Altoona Tribune gives an instance of the dangerous possibilities of accidents that are apt to arise from the carelessness or thoughtlessness of parents in furnishing firearms to their inexperienced children which was demonstrated in that place late on Saturday afternoon. Several lads to the number of a dozen or more and whose ages ranged from 10 to 13 years, decided to emulate the student of the dime novel and engage in mimic warfare. The majority of the boys were armed with Flobert rifles, and while at first they contented themselves in simply pointing their unloaded guns at their opponents they eventually got so much excited in the conflict that, forgetting the dangerous nature of the proceedings, several of them slipped cartridges into their guns and in the excitement of the moment fired among their opposing forces. One of the lads named John Williams, aged about 13 years, was shot in the thigh and wounded. The ball was a 22-calibre short, used in the ordinary size of revolvers. The injured lad was removed to the office of Dr. D. P. Miller, but despite the efforts of the physician the bullet could not be extricated.

WHAT effect will the recent elections in New York State have on Blaine's probable candidacy for the Presidency? It seems to us that journals which have commented on this subject miss the mark. The defeat of the Republican ticket in that State (though we deplore it) will add to Mr. Blaine's popularity as a candidate. The ticket this year was supposed to be popular one. But it did not do near so well as Mr. Blaine in that State. Besides, Col. Grant though a true Republican, is more especially a pet of Conkling than of Blaine. One good effect of Blaine's candidacy is to divide the Democratic strength in New York City. He can do it every time. It looks as if Blaine is stronger in the Empire State than any other Republican.

THE controversy between ex-Senator Thurman and ex-Minister Jackson, of Macon speech fame, waxes warmer. Mr. Thurman denounced the man who talks secession at this day as an enemy not only to the Democratic party but to the country generally. Mr. Jackson replied and it seems that the discussion will be long and bitter. It is gratifying that there is one valiant Democrat at the North who has the courage and self respect to rebuke treasonable Southern insolence, in spite of the fact that such protest may detract from party harmony.

THE election of Belden in the twenty-fifth Congressional district of New York puts a good Republican in the seat made vacant by the promotion of Hiscock to the Senate. The election in the second Rhode Island district gives the Republicans an additional member of Congress, and the election of a Republican Legislature in New Jersey insures a Republican successor to Senator McPherson.

THE demand for small coins is so great that the United States Mint in Philadelphia is unable to supply it, and Superintendent Fox says that the institution is $200,000 behind the orders that have been received, though there are night and day forces continually at work turning out pennies and nickels. Mr. Fox says he is at a loss to know the cause of the steady demand for these coins. Nearly every bank in the country seems to be in need of them, and the only explanation that the Superintendent makes is to attribute it to unusual commercial prosperity. The total amount of orders for 1 and 5 cent pieces every week ranges from $4000 to $8000. During October the Mint coined $2 000,000 worth of silver dollars, $620,000 worth of gold eagles, $350,900 worth of 5 cent pieces, and $40,760 worth of 1 cent pieces.

THE New York *Tribune* frankly admits that if the Republicans in that State had been as candid and bold as the Republicans in Pennsylvania were in dealing with liquor question, they might have been successful at the recent election. Their timid and uncertain declarations in regard to the Liquor associations and the Personal Liberty Leagues in that State had no effect in checking the increase of the Prohibition vote from the Republican ranks, while at the same time the saloons and their backers threw the main force of their strength in favor of the Democratic ticket. It is interesting to observe that there is now some earnest talk among the New York Republicans in favor of falling into line with the Pennsylvania Republicans in their treatment of the liquor question.

ONE of the best known and oldest advertising agencies—perhaps the best known and oldest—is that of George P. Rowell & Co., New York City. This firm undoubtedly has a larger and more thorough acquaintance with the newspapers of the United States than any other agency in the country. Naturally, therefore, the announcement that the twentieth annual issue of the American Newspaper Directory, published by Messrs. Rowell & Co., is now under way, has unusual interest for those business men and general advertisers who, for the last twenty years, have looked upon that publication as an authority when placing their business where it will do the most good.—*Charlestown (Mass.) Enterprise, Nov. 5.*

GEORGE W. CABLE, the novelist, teaches a Bible class in Boston that numbers 2800 persons.

[Written for the Bellefonte Republican.]

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Are they *talking* of Personal Liberty *now*?
Why for *this* our brave fore-fathers *died*!
And their heart's blood yet warm, in its red crimson flow,
Bathed valley and green mountain side.

Are they talking of Personal Liberty *now*?
Why, it blazed over Bunker's steep side;
And it waxed and it waned, through those seven long years,
Till its enemies with Bargoyne had died.

Are they talking of Personal Liberty now?
Right *here* in this land of the *Free*;
Where no *right* is *denied*, to the great or the small-
But where each one is as free as can be?

Yes, they are talking of Personal Liberty now,
And they speak in a foreign tongue;
And they say, we've been *duped*, all these many long years—
That our Liberty's only a song.

They tell us that, Washington, Lincoln and Grant
With the Puritans, Pilgrims and *all*,
Who have given us our laws, and who by them have stood,
Are not worthy remembrance at all.

But, they are *working* for Personal Liberty, too,
With Dynamite, Pistol and Knife,
And with each savage thrust they lunge at their foe,
They aim at the Nation's own life.

Yes, they say they *want* Personal Liberty now,
And they rant and they rave and they yell,
But while they lay claim to the *Freedom* of *Heaven*
They work for the *License* of *Hell*.

The Devil he wanted that Liberty, too,
Not content with the angels to dwell,
So the Lord thrust him out of that beautiful home,
And he found it at last down in——. *Well!!*

They have'nt won Personal Liberty yet,
And they never will see that dark day.
For before they succeed with their hellish design
Our land will be buried for aye.

For we'll meet them with Ballot, with Voice and with Pen,
In this God-given land of the free,
Till from Maine's rugged coast, to Pacific's steep slope,
Not a Liberty League there'll be.

M. S. ROMIG.

WILLIAMSTOWN, PA., NOV. 11TH, 1887.

GENERAL NOTES.

It costs $5,125 an hour to run the city of New York.

In the United States there is published one paper to every 1,433 inhabitants.

A Leghorn rooster that strums on the piano is exciting the good people of Salem, Ill.

A boy in Brooklyn, N. Y., is 15 years old, 6 feet tall, and weighs 178 pounds, and isn't fat at that.

The word "dude" has been legitimatized by the compilers of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

A preacher of Union county, Ga., has married 111 couples since he has been in the ministry and has received only one fee.

In the Northern part of Michigan two bucks, that had their horns locked so that they could not get apart, were killed by hunters recently.

A strange marriage took place in Pittsfield, Mass., the other day. Both the bride and groom were over 70 years of age, and the latter totally blind.

A cat in Portsmouth, Va., deliberately committed suicide by taking a position in a cellar that was rapidly filling with water, and sitting still until drowned.

The Battle Creek Salvation Army had a bad spell the other day, and got out some hand-bills, in which they set forth that they proposed to fight "sin and Satin."

Farmer Biggerstaff, of Richmond, Ky., recently plowed up a dozen army crackers, which were as fresh as when the rebel forces abandoned them twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Mary Halcomber, of Brady Island, Neb., cleaned out a den of snakes on her farm last week, killing 40 of the reptiles. The only weapon she used was a stout club.

A hermit named Henry Woods is known to have buried $1,500 in a coffee-pot near the church at Hartwell, Ga., and the ground for rods around has been dug up by tramps in a vain effort to find the treasure.

A venerable citizen of Sabetha, Kan., noted far and wide for his exploits with the rifle, boasts that he once killed a panther on the site now occupied by the thriving city of Columbus, O

A new importation from Europe is an ingenious piece of mechanism in the form of a bird which sings and goes through the motions of a canary with a fidelity to nature that is said to be surprising.

Prominent New Yorkers are endeavoring to arrange for a celebration on April 30, 1889, of the centennial anniversary of the constitutional organization of the United States Government in that city.

Joe Hurt, of Wyoming Territory, enjoys the distinction of having in the course of his life on the frontier killed over 100 hostile Indians, slaughtered 10,000 antelope and about 5,000 buffalo.

While a Nashville man stood in the pool room at the race track undecided what horse to bet on, an auburn-haired maided passed near by. He at once placed his money on a gray horse and won heavily.

A large catamount was exhibited in a store at Williamsport, Pa., the other day. It was caught in a bear trap a short distance from Trout Run by C. W. Griggs. It measured 3 feet in length, and weighed 62 pounds.

A Harrisburg horse, according to a paper of that city, stumbled while going down Second street, and turned a complete somersault, landing with his head to the wagon, without breaking a strap of his harness.

Captain Joirs, of Brussels, Belgium, who has been deaf for 15 years, accompanied an aeronaut in a balloon ascension a few weeks ago and when he reached the earth found that he had been entirely cured.

Texas prospectors recently saw a battle between eight big gray wolves and a herd of 300 cattle. The wolves separated a cow and calf from the rest and attacked them. The herd came to the rescue and drove the wolves away.

A young man at Xenia, O., deserted his bride on the day of his wedding, and got as far as Cincinnati, when his heart failed him, and he turned back. The wedding was several hours late, but the bride was made happy.

James M. and W. H. Gillman, two brothers, met in Boston the other day after a separation of 38 years. James went to California in 1849, and as he never communicated with his relatives they had long since given him up as dead.

Blackford county, Ind., has had two county school superintendents ever since last spring. Each claims to be the lawful superintendent and each has visited schools, examined teachers and performed other duties belonging to that office.

J. G. Sheppard, of Beaver Dam, N. C., dug up from a marl pit in his plantation last week an immense bone, which is supposed to have belonged to some prehistoric sea monster. The bone is over a yard in length, and weighs over 37 pounds.

A. E. Burkhardt, President of the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, while visiting in New York the other day, purchased a large Asiatic elephant, which will be sent West in charge of a keeper. Mr. Burkhardt says that an effort will be made to raise young elephants for the market.

When Sherman's troops foraged around Macon, Ga., they plundered old Farmer Lowe's barn yard and left him one solitary rooster. The lonesome fowl was afterward treasured with great care, and at its death from old age last week there was general mourning in the household

Our Story Teller

JEALOUS OF A SHADOW.

Fresh as a rose looked Harry Morny as she came in from the woods, on that clear autumn afternoon, with her apron full of wild grapes and her hat garlanded around with scarlet-veined autumn leaves.

Her husband, sitting in his study, glanced up at her bright, flushed face, with sombre eyes full of past memories.

"Is the world coming to an end?" saucily demanded Harry, as she flung the purple cluster on the table—"for I am sure that nothing else can account for such a solemn face as yours, Julian."

He tried to smile.

"You have been in the woods all day, Harry," he said.

"Where else should I be?" retorted the young wife, whom he had married because she was such an embodied sun-beam. "You don't catch me poking myself up in the house when all the world is so full of brightness!"

But she looked half doubtfully at him as she spoke.

"Now you are going to scold me!" she said, with a pretty uplifting of her hands, as if to ward off some verbal onslaught. "I can see the stern words rising up to your lips."

"Am I, then, so stern with you?" he uttered. "If so, it is quite unintentional. No, Harry, I am not going to scold you."

For he remembered that Harry was only eighteen, and that he was eight-and-thirty.

Harry came and perched herself on his knee.

"Julian," she said, with a sudden burst of penitence, "I am sorry!"

"Sorry!—and for what?"

He put his hand caressingly on her blonde curls, as he might have stroked a pretty infant's head.

"I meant to practice to-day," she pleaded, "and to read a whole chapter in "Macaulay's History of England," and to darn your stockings in the convent stitch that Aunt Prudence taught me; but when I got out in the sun shine I forgot it all. Julian, I shall never learn to be a companion to you!"

And she glanced ruefully around at the drifts of paper and open folios on the desk, and her radiant face gloomed over suddenly, as she caught sight of a tiny photograph lying close by the ink-stand.

"Julian!" she exclaimed, abruptly, "why did you marry me?"

"Is that so hard to guess, little one?"

"Yes, but why?" she persisted. "I am so silly and shallow—that is exactly what Mrs. Meredith calls me—and my poor little groveling soul can never reach up to the height of yours. Oh, don't try to comfort me—I understand it all," with another sidelong glance at the photograph. "You loved her. She was a true wife to you. I am only a plaything!"

"Have I ever said so, Harry?"

"A score of times!" cried Harry, getting more and more excited, while the deep roses burned vividly on her cheeks. "Not in actual words, perhaps, but—Oh, Julian, why did I ever marry a widower. She is as much my rival now as if she was a living and breathing woman. Julian, I hate her!"

"Harry! Harry!"

"Give me that picture!" cried the young wife, snatching the photograph from the desk, and retreating a pace or two, as if she feared to be pursued. "It shall not lie beside you at your work. You shall not carry it next to your heart when you go out of the room?"

She paused, as if expecting a volley of remonstrances—perhaps a stern reproof—but he never spoke a word. He only looked at her with sad, grave eyes.

"Julian," she hesitated, more entreatingly, 'may I have it—the photograph?'

"Yes," he answered. "I can remember how she looked without any counterfeit presentment. Yes, you may have it, Harry, if that is your desire."

And Harry vanished out of the room, half-delighted, half-terrified, at what she had done. Swift as any arrow she darted down to a cool, shady nook, at the foot of the garden, where a crystal trout stream gurgled under the shadow of a canopy of elm leaves, and a twisted root formed a sort of a rustic seat.

"Shall I fling it into the stream?" she asked herself. "Shall I tear it up."

But she looked at the soft, calm features, and a gentler mood crept over her.

"How wicked and babyish I am!" she said. "No, no! I will not tear up your sweet face, sweet saint. I should have loved you, too, if you had been living—will try to love you now, because he loved you! Look down from your throne, dear, white-robed angel, and help me to be worthy to sit in your seat at his board, to share your place in his heart!"

And glancing fearfully around her lest she should be observed, she kissed the photograph once, twice, three times and then placed it tenderly in her bosom.

When she came back to the house she was quieter and more silent than usual, but she did not offer to give back the photograph to her husband.

Was he jealous of it still?

And Julian Morny went quietly on with his student labors—the labors in which his first wife had shared so intelligently and helpfully.

He had loved his beautiful Evangeline so truly and passionately, she had been so entirely a part of his existence, that when she died it seemed impossible that he could ever place another woman in the empty niche of her being.

But as time dulled the first sharp edges of his sorrow, and pretty Harry Tinton's winning graces stole into his heart, he began to realize that he was not yet an old man nor a hermit.

He looked at Evangeline's picture. "She would have bid me be happy," he said. "She would have told me that it was no disloyalty to cheer the darkness of my life with a second love."

So he married the smiling young beauty and the only grief that cankered his heart was Harry's insane, unreasonable jealousy of her dead rival's memory.

Julian was no expert in reading the hieroglyphics of a woman's heart!

"Harry," he would say, with a pained expression upon his face, "if you loved me, you would not talk in this way."

"It is because I do love you that I cannot help talking in this way," she remonstrated, and then her tender, coaxing little artifices would be redoubled.

"If you would only forget her," pleaded Harry—"if you would only tell me that I am past and present both to you."

But he smiled and shook his head.

"Sweetheart," he would say, "you are the sunshine of my present. With my past no living touch can meddle. Is that not enough?"

"No!" Harry cried, "it is not enough!"

And after she had taken triumphant possession of the picture, a new shadow seemed to darken silently on his forehead.

He was as tender as ever to the child-wife, whose presence lent such fascination to his home. He did not ask for the return of the photograph, but he felt that there was something missing at his side.

He had declared that he could remember Evangeline without the picture, and yet he longed with an unutterable longing to look once more upon her face.

He resolutely guarded himself from sitting in judgment on the lovely little sprite who loved him with such wayward, unreasonable affection; and yet he could not but feel that Harry had been cruelly unjust to Evangeline.

So he left off thinking about it all, and applied himself steadfastly to the studies which had always formed the main occupation of his life.

"Julian!"

It was a stormy night—mid January—with the snow-flakes whirling wildly through the darkness, and a tumultuous wind howling in the tree-tops.

He had been writing long and steadily, and had leaned back in his chair, for a moment's rest of hand and brain, when Harry came in, attired in the black velvet dress which he had given her, and wearing at her round, white throat a little cross of diamonds.

The husband's serious face brightened at the fair vision.

"Why, my pet!" he exclaimed, capturing the hand which was laid lightly on his shoulder; "what is the meaning of this extraordinary brilliance of costume? Is there to be a party or a ceremonious dinner?"

"Neither," Harry answered. "But it is my *fete* day. Do you remember what anniversary this is, Julian? Ten years ago, to-day, you were married to Evangeline Sedley."

"I remember it, Harry," he said, sadly.

"Come!"

She took his hand with imperious tenderness, and led him to the little drawing-room, where hot-house flowers were arranged in all the vases, and wax candles burned.

Above the mantle hung a crayon picture of his dead wife, smiling at him like a living face.

"Evangeline!" he cried. "Her very face! Oh, Harry, where did you get it?"

"It is my anniversary gift to you, Julian," she said. "I had it taken from your little photograph. Is it not sweet? Is it not holy in its expression?"

"How can I thank you for it?" he said, in broken accents.

"But you must let me keep the photograph," pleaded Harry, with tears in her eyes. "I have learned to love it. It is my guardian angel, my sweet companion and counselor. Oh, I cannot part with it now!"

And drawing it from her bosom, she kissed it reverently.

"Harry—my Harry!" said the husband. "What has wrought this change in your heart?"

"Evangeline's face," she answered, in a whisper.

He drew her tenderly to his heart.

"Sweetheart," he said, "this was all that was lacking to complete my perfect happiness."

"And do you love me now as dearly as you did her?" she asked.

With his arm still about her waist, he looked up at Evangeline's picture.

"I love you both with the same love," he answered, impressively.

And Harry was content at last.

Try It, Girls.

"What a hideous green you are putting in that tidy!" said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate, good humoredly. "You see, I bought it one night, and began to work on it by lamp light, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it,—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why,—will he like it?"

"Oh, I don't know: I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there." And Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly, as she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlor as into brother Frank's room, he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate, in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother; and, oh, how thankful she felt for that difference,—thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation,—sorry for the great contrast in her friend!

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation took place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats on the bureau fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his open door that evening, and saw him sitting, with his head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh, no," he answered; "only thinking of going down town; but it looks so pleasant and home-like up here I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay. It wasn't the last time, either. By and by he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room.

"Do you know," said Kate to her friend one day, "your plan has worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!—*Phila Call.*

A Turtle in His Mouth.

A small boy from a neighboring town is evidently destined to become a naturalist. The other day, when he was taken with his mother to make a call, he was noticed to be unusually quiet. Turning around his mother saw that he was making a very wry face and that tears stood in his eyes.

'Why, what is the matter? Are you ill? asked his mother.

With much difficulty he managed to ejaculate.

"It pricks."

"What pricks?"

But at this point the boy opened his mouth and out jumped a small turtle. The explanation was that the young naturalist had heard that it was necessary to keep turtles in water and in his devotion had tried to preserve the little turtle in his mouth.

Doozenbury Takes no Risks.

From Texas Siftings.

The widow Longcoffin, of Austin, Tex., has several marriageable daughters on her hands. Judge Doozenbury, a wealthy old bachelor, has been quite attentive of late, so the widow thought she would encourage him to propose.

"Judge, why don't you marry some nice girl and settle down in life?" she asked insinuatingly.

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid. There is so much marital infelicity in the world of late," replied the judge nervously.

"Yes, but there are also happy marriages."

"Jesso, but in all the happy marriages I know of the women are married already and have got husbands."

The woman who can't make a gang of desperate burglars out of a tree-trunk and a couple of street-light shadows on the side-walk never was married.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.

A Peep Inside as well as Outside Uncle Sam's Postal Headquarters.

The exterior of the postoffice department in Bellefonte, renewed in such a superb style a couple of weeks ago, is pleasing to the eye, and this entire community, by this time, has seen and admired it. For this reason we will conduct them with us through the door, which is usually closed to strangers, and look at the inside, where the improvement is quite as elaborate The article of postoffice furniture which is regarded by Dr. Dobbins and his assistants as the most useful and elegant of all the additions is the distributing table. It is a large piece of furniture and occupies a great deal of room, but it is worth all the space that is given it and is a source of never-ending delight to those who enjoy its many advantages.

It is semi-circular in shape and the distributor stands to do his work at the straight side of the table facing the circle. The table is in two parts, or leaves, either one of which can be lowered, when the distributor can step directly within the circle and do his work more easily. Around the circular part of the table are two bands of iron so arranged that the bags in which mail matter is to be placed can be adjusted in a way that will enable the distributor to make use of them in the speediest possible manner. There is space for fourteen bags.

Under the old arrangement there were 250 boxes; now there are 400. So great is the demand for the new boxes that all of them have been taken. Postmaster Dobbins proceeded in the fairest possible manner, permitting the applicants for boxes to make their choice. Considering this fact, no one should complain. But complaints will never cease, and, as the old saying is, someone would complain even if he was going to be hanged. Owing to the fact that all the boxes have been taken so quickly it may be necessary to put in another tier of them.

The boxes in the rear are the same ones that were there before, including some quite large ones. Several of the new ones are equally large. All the new ones are in the very latest style. They have ornamental glass fronts which enable each owner of a box to see, without unlocking it, whether or not it contains any mail. They cannot expand or contract. Each one is equioped with the Yale lock, relocking itself as soon as it is closed by the owner, and no key will unlock any box except the one for which it is especially intended.

The money order window is the large wide one near the wall at the right as you enter the post-office. It is roomy enough to admit one thousand dollars in silver if you want an order for that amount. Further south and at the principal place in the office is the general delivery where letters, papers, packages, et cetera, are given to those for whom they may be intended. Around the corner, next to the boxes, is the stamp window, where the government "badges" may be obtained which show that the cost of carrying your mail matter has been paid. Now, it is the unwritten law of the post-office that stamps must be purchased at the stamp window, letters delivered through the general delivery window and money orders obtained at the window bearing that notice. You may go to the general delivery and plead in heartrending tones for a stamp. With perfect politeness but inexorable firmness Chief Clerk Wilbur Harris will say "Next window, please." This system expedites business, and it is imperatively necessary to have people accommodate themselves to the system. You see, as soon as a countenance appears at the general delivery Wilbur at once knows that a letter, paper or package is wanted and goes for it instanter. As soon as eyes peer inquiringly into the stamp window Chief Assistant Paul Sternberg dives for the stamps. All that is necessary is for you to mention the "denomination"—so that he don't give you a Methodist stamp if you want one of the Presbyterian sort.

The arrangements for the letters and papers inside are superb. The boxes where the letters are kept are arranged on the consonant-vowel system. This gives as many different compartments, in which to place mail matter to be delived to the public through the general delivery, as there are consonant letters multiplied by the vowels and enables the mail matter distribution to be simplified to an amazing extent. For instance, take the name "Bailey." A letter for an individual of that name would be placed in a line with the consonate B and also in line with the first vowel in the name, which is A. The name McCloskey would be found in the M and O line. This gives many boxes and diminishes the amount of mail matter in each and thus helps the clerk to look through the collection more speedily. The arrangement for keeping the papers is on a similar principle, though varying from the other in a slight degree.

Ladies and gentlemen now enter into the same apartment, the middle wall of partition having been removed. This is right. The separation of the sexes is a relic of the dark ages. Then, under the old arrangement, the gentlemen could look and talk through the lattice work to the ladies if they desired to. The present plan is altogether admirable.

We understand that Mr. E. C. Humes' enterprise put this splendid outfit in the post-office, and it most have cost a very considerable sum. There is no superior arrangement in this wide country. It is a perfect beauty whether looked at outside or inside, and is a credit to the post office people and to Mr. Humes.

The Expedition Departs.

The "unterrified" of this county have known ever since last Tuesday evening that they must begin the dangerous journey up Salt river; indeed, they half suspected, before that time, that it would be necessary for them to go; so they began their preparations early. They were all ready this morning early, and at six o'clock set sail in the narrow and dangerous channel which marks the course of that celebrated stream. Their friends stood on the bank and bade them farewell. That kind gentleman, Mr. Daniel Rhoads, was among the company on the bank who came to see them off and to see that they started safely on their desperate journey. He waved a farewell and bade the journeying company goodbye forever, though each one of them protested that he would soon return. Frank P. Bible offered to prove what he said by showing that rations for only one year were being taken along. But it was noticeable that the quantity of salt was quite large and with care and economy in its use that will keep them fresh for many years.

Instead of all going in one big boat, as is usually the case, there were several skiffs. The reason for this was that the crowd who went up the tortuous stream was larger than usual, and they were more noisy and demonstrative than the company which usually take the journey. It was feared that the travelers might not be as quiet and peaceable as usual so some of them were given private vessels of their own. For instance, P. Gray Meek and his friend, Mr. John Noll, were given the Volunteer, the fastest sailing vessel extant. It went on this occasion at the rate of 512 knots an hour. Frank P. Bible with Commodore John Grove sailed in the Thistle and started off at the rate of 489 knots per hour. James Noll, of the *Centre Democrat*, stood in the bow of the big boat and the girls, who were there, too, said he made such a nice beau. He promised to write to them and describe the country. James Cornelly managed the rudder and Al. Garman bestirred himself in preparing a savory breakfast for the crew, who were already quite hungry. Judge Orvis and D. F. Fortney said that they were accustomed to long journeys and didn't mind it. They disagreed about a band, though. Mr. Fortney thought there should have been a band present to make their departure musical, while the judge waved his right hand in disparagement of any such demonstration. Mr. John A. Rupp refused to get on board, and said that he had no doubt that he would be sufficiently bored by the company with whom he would remain, but that he would stay behind, anyhow.

But there was music in the air, anyway. A male choir composed of Chas Hughes, John M. Dale, W. E. Gray and Walter Lembkey, stood on the shore, each with the latest song book, and rendered the new air beginning with:

The court house ring is busted now, its members scattered wide—

Some to the law, some to the plough, they're drifting with the tide.

Oh, may you bask in pastures green and never more return—

How it goes to be out while we are in is something you may learn.

At 9 o'clock the party were lost to view and we learn that they reached their destination at precisely 12 o'clock. They found most of the favorite stopping places there in excellent condition, having been previously occupied by first-class occupants.

—A girl out in Omaha had a perfectly dreadful experience the other day while being married in church. We tell it only that Bellefonte girls may guard against anything of the kind. The account says she had almost reached the church when it was discovered that she had forgotten her bridal veil in her nervousness and haste. She went back after it. On the way to the church again she sneezed and split her satin bodice from belt to shoulder. The carriage stopped at a shop, needle and thread were procured and the rent repaired. As she stepped from the carriage the lace button of an underskirt caught and the button at the waste gave way. In consequence the skirt began to slip as she walked up the church aisle, every eye, of course, bent on her with a coldly critical look. With her disengaged hand she clutched desperately at the slipping garment, managing to hold it through the side of her dress until the ceremony was over and she was once more in the carriage. The next entirely natural act was to fling her arms about the panic-stricken groom's neck and give way to a torrent of tears, the reason for which she did not then impart.

—A Kansas paper publishes the following unique reminder to delinquent subscribers: "There I$ a little matter that $ome of our ubcriber$ have $eemingly forgotten entirely. $ome of them have made u$ many promi$e$, but have not kept them. To u$ it i$ a very important matter,—it'$ nece$$ary in our bu$ine$$. We are very mode$t, and don't like to $peak about it." It might be called a matter of $$ and sense.

—Governor James A. Beaver was in Pittsburg on Friday of last week to help along the fair given for the benefit of the Eighteenth regiment, N. G. P. General Hastings was there, too, and all the Governor's staff. Governor Beaver was attired in a handsome Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. He shook hands with all the prominent people of that city and made a speech in which he said that Pittsburg was not so prompt as the other Pennsylvania cities in caring for her citizen soldiery. He hopes, however, that she will do better in the future He spoke about the mournful result of an outbreak that had taken place in a sister city (Chicago) which efficient citizen soldiery might have prevented. He expressed the conviction that war is at an end and in that connection referred to the welcome he had the pleasure to assist in extending to the Foreign Peace Commission which had visited Philadelphia a few days previous. The fair—at least on Friday night—was rendered a great success by the presence of so many notable guests. Dancing was one of the features, but the Governor excused himself from leading in the grand march and after he had visited all the various booths retired from the festive scene.

—Mr. Charles E. Pugh, Chairman of Advisory Committee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Voluntary Relief Department, has issued a general notice to the members, calling attention to the annual election of the committee, which will take place on Monday, November 21. Six committeemen are to be elected by the employes of the railroad company's lines east of Pittsburg, the Pennsylvania railroad division men electing one of their number, and the other divisions the other five. The election will be by ballot, each member forwarding his vote to the superintendent of the department at Trenton, the same as was done last year. Quite a good deal of rivalry and wire pulling was exhibited by the men last year, and the votes as a consequence was very much divided on all divisions except the Pittsburg, and by the latter voting solidly for Mr. M. Trump, his election was secured.

Come With Us.

This is the week of Prayer in the Y. M. C. A. The Association here will observe it with meetings every evening from 7 to 7.30 o'clock. The Association invites all the young men of the town to unite with them in these meetings. Don't say you have not time. The day is 24 hours long, and you can spend 30 minutes—one-forty-eighth part of the day—in paying this special mark of respect—not to the Association, but to the Divine Saviour, whose life was such as should arouse the enthusiasm of every young man and inspire them to rally around His banner.

Devotional Committee.

—The occasion of the funeral of Mrs. Rachel Cartwright in Union township on Friday was attended by quite a large number of friends and acquaintances. The weather was rendered quite disagreeable from snow and wind. The interment took place at Emerick's Cemetery and every thing passed off nicely, till on the return home the wind blowing a broadrail off the fence frightened a horse hitched to a spring wagon occupied by some five or six persons and running suddenly up a steep bank, upset the wagon which fell upon some of the party, (the horse continuing on) severely if not fatally injured a sister of Mrs Jas. Kreps near Milesburg.

—Auditor General A. Wilson Norris has sent a circular letter to the county commissioners which will interest the tax payers of the county. On the first of November the Auditor General notified that body that, in accordance with a recent opinion of the Attorney General of the State and also of recent decisions of the courts, all personal property held in trust, whether for the benefit of resident or non-resident *cestui que trust* (including mortgages on property outside the State, and stocks and bonds issued by corporations of other States) is liable to taxation, and should, therefore, be included in the returns of taxable property required by law to be made.

—The arrangements made thus far to supply Mr. C. E. Schaeffer's place as general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. seem to be to employ Mr. Walter Lembkey as a temporary secretary until a person is engaged to take the place permanently. Mr. Lembkey will make a most excellent temporary secretary.

—The friends of Rev. John Hewitt in Bellefonte fear that he is visiting so long at some other places in the East that he will not be able to give them the pleasure of his presence more than a day or two ere he returns to Fremont, Nebraska.

—Revival meetings continue in the Methodist church here. We hope that the religious interest in the church will increase without limit and that every careless and impenitent person may be gathered in.

—A late novelty is to have a minute watch placed in the large ring worn on the finger. It keeps perfect time and can be looked at more easily than a watch carried in the pocket.

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LINGG'S SUICIDE.

The Leading Anarchist Succeeds in Cheating the Gallows.

The Very Latest Dispatches Regarding the Proceedings.

Special to the DAILY NEWS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10, 10.05 a. m.—It is reported that Lingg shot himself through the head.

LATER.

No definite particulars regarding Lingg's suicide are forthcoming. The doors are guarded by a score of police with carbines. A telephone message from the jail to the Sheriff says that Lingg had a small bomb concealed in a candle, which he lighted and placed to his head. One half of his face is blown away.

LATER—NOON.

It is now stated as a bare possibility that he will recover.

A. PRESS ASSOCIATION.

LINGG'S DEATH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1887.

Lingg died at 2.50 p. m. this afternoon. The cartridge was given him by a confidante in the jail.

AM. PRESS ASSOCIATION.

EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO!

TWO SENTENCES COMMUTED—THE RED FLAG.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 8:56 a. m.—The sentences of Fielden and Schwab were commuted to imprisonment for life by Governor Oglesby, at 8 o'clock this morning. A large and orderly procession, mainly of brewery employes, is parading the streets of Chicago, carrying the read and black flags, and playing the Marcellaise and dirges. Some anarchistic transparencies are also seen in the ranks. CHAFFER.

After the Execution.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The bodies of Spies Fischer and Parsons, were taken away from the jail Friday afternoon. For Spies a hearse had been provided. There was some trouble in getting away from the crowd that waited on the last wagon, but rapid driving freed the procession from that annoyance. Followed by a string of cabs and preceded by a carriage containing the committee the hearse and wagons moved speedily along. There was no excitement and only a few persons gathered. The corpses were taken to an undertaker's shop, where they will be dressed and allowed to rest until they are taken to the homes of their relatives.

About 2 o'clock two bombs, reported to be heavily charged, were found in an omnibus which runs at Union depot and Lincoln park.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* was not issued today, the employes having decided that they could best testify to their respect for the memories of "their best comrades of the past" by closing the office. The building was draped a little, a streamer of black and white having been strung from the top windows.

After the hanging the centre of attraction to the idle curiosity seekers was transferred to Milwaukee avenue at points along which thoroughfare the bodies of the dead men lay. At a little undertaker's shop at 186 Milwaukee avenue the bodies of Lingg and Engle were prepared for the grave. Further up the avenue at 596 is another undertaker's shop where the bodies of Spies, Parsons and Fischer were cared for. There were little crowds along the avenue but they were composed of idle curiosity seekers, not of sympathisers with the anarchist cause. There was little excitement and while groups of men stood on the street corners and discussed the execution, there was not a policeman in sight or any apparent need of one.

The only sign of open interest was shown at Aurora Turner hall, on Huron street near Milwaukee avenue. Here a flag was at half-mast, and in a saloon below groups of men gathered and expressed their disapproval of the hanging. There were some scowling faces here, and a stranger was not cordially greeted. Clenched fists and ugly glances told of the unpopularity of the English in the "Turn hall." The body of Spies was embalmed first, and then turned over to his mother, who took it to her home late in the afternoon.

Metropolis Matters

LONDON, November 9.—The neutralization of the Suez canal is not looked upon very favorably by an influential minority here, and the possible withdrawal of English troops from Egypt provokes a feeling of uneasiness, not to say dismay, among what would be called ten years ago the "Jingo" party in England. The majority of the people look upon the concessions as having been made in the interests of international peace and comity, and that the government has ceded nothing that will be a cause for regret in the future, but it can not be denied that the wealthy and conservative element in the shires, and the mass of university bred men in the cities, whose tongues and pens no ministry can afford to despise, have the genuine English dislike of letting anything go which they have once had hold of.

Mrs. J. E. Dayton, of Williamsport, who is very well known here, is a guest at the home of John Ardell, Jr.

Railroads

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, January 31, 1887.

WESTWARD	Exp A.M	Mail P.M.
Leave Lock Haven	9 00	3 40
Flemington	9 05	3 45
Mill Hall	9 09	3 48
Beech Creek	9 25	4 03
Eagleville f	9 30	4 08
Howard	9 44	4 22
Mount Eagle f	9 54	4 32
Curtin	10 01	4 38
Milesburg	10 12	4 48
Bellefonte	10 35	5 00
Milesburg	10 44	5 10
Snow Shoe Int.	10 48	5 14
Unionville	10 58	5 24
Julian	11 09	5 35
Martha	11 19	5 47
Port Matilda	11 27	5 56
Hannah f	11 36	6 05
Fowler f	11 39	6 08
Dix f	11 42	6 11
Bald Eagle	11 48	6 19
Vail	11 53	6 24
Arrive at Tyrone	12 05	6 37
EASTWARD	P.M.	A
Leave Tyrone	7 15	8 10
East Tyrone	7 22	8 17
Vail	7 28	8 20
Bald Eagle	7 34	8 25
Dix f	7 41	8 30
Fowler f	7 45	8 32
Hannah f	7 50	8 36
Port Matilda	8 00	8 48
Martha	8 10	8 51
Julian	8 22	8 59
Unionville	8 26	9 10
Snow Shoe Int.	8 35	9 18
Milesburg	8 39	9 22
Bellefonte	8 49	9 32
Milesburg	9 01	9 47
Curtin	9 11	10 01
Mount Eagle f	9 17	10 08
Howard	9 27	10 16
Eagleville f	9 40	10 30
Beech Creek	9 45	10 35
Mill Hall	10 01	10 50
Flemington f	10 05	10 54
Arrive at Lock Haven	10 10	11 00

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Jan. 31, 1887

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6:45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8:25 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte 9.00 a m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.00 a m

Leaves Snow Shoe 3.15 p m., arrives at Bellefonte 5.29 p m

Leaves Bellefonte at 8:05 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 10:00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Sup't

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table, Jan. 31, 1887.

WESTWARD.	Mixed. P. M.	Mixed A. M
Leave Scotia	12 15	5 00
Fairbrook	12 40	5 20
Penn's Furnace	1 05	5 40
Hostler f	1 15	5 50
Marengo f	1 25	5 55
Loveville f	1 30	6 00
Furnace Road f	1 35	6 10
Dungarvin	1 39	6 13
Warriors Mark	1 55	6 25
Pennington	2 12	6 40
Weston Mill f	2 25	6 50
L. and T. June	2 31	6 55
Tyrone	2 35	6 58
EASTWARD.	Mixed. P. M.	Mixed A. M
Leave Tyrone	4 30	9 20
L. & T. June	4 34	9 25
Weston Mill f	4 40	9 28
Pennington	4 55	9 43
Warriors Mark	5 05	9 58
Dungarvin	5.17	10.09
Furnace Road f	5 20	10 12
Loveville f	5 26	10 16
Marengo f	5 30	10 22
Hostler f	5 40	10 38
Penn's Furnace	5 50	10 47
Fairbrook	6 05	11 03
Scotia	6 25	11 30

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Jan. 31, 1887.

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	p.m.
0.	5.50	1.30	MONTANDON	6.30	9.10
1.8	6.00	1.40	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	6.20	9.00
1.8	6.05	1.40	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.00
5.4	6.15	1.48	Biehl f		8.51
6.8	6.22	1.56	Vicksburg f		8.45
10.7	6.33	2.09	MIFFLINBURG		8.33
13.1	6.40	2.16	Barber f		8.26
17.2	6.46	2.21	Swengle f		8.20
16.1	6.48	2.27	Millmont		8.18
18.6	7.00	2.37	LAURELTON		8.12
23.5	7.08	2.58	Pardee f		7.56
24.7	7.12	3.01	Weiker f		7.54
28.9	7.27	3.07	Cherry Run f		7.45
32.2	7.35	3.17	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f.		7.35
33.9	7.41	3.20	Fowler f		7.32
36.6	7.49	3.30	Coburn		7.23
39.6	7.56	3.40	Zerby f		7.15
43.4	8.16	3.50	Rising Springs		7.06
46.2	8.19	4.00	Penn's Cave f		6.58
49.2	8.27	4.07	CENTRE HALL		6.50
51.6	8.34	4.12	Gregg f		6.43
54.6	8.45	4.23	Linden Hall		6.36
56.7	8.52	4.27	OAK HALL		6.30
58.3	8.56	4.30	LEMONT		6.25
60.2	9.03	4.36	Dale Summit f		6.20
63.9	9.14	4.45	Pleasant Gap f		6.09
65.2	9.19	4.51	Axeman f		6.04
67.4	9.25	4.56	BELLEFONTE		6.00

CHAS E. PUGH.....General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON.....General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL.....Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—To take effect Monday, Oct, 17, 1887.

EASTWARD. No. 4. P. M.	No. 2. A. M	Dis.	STATIONS.	Dis.	WESTWARD. No. 1. A. M	No. 3 P. M
6 19	9 14	18.	Ar. Bellef'te, Lv	0.	6 30	3 30
6 09	8 59	14.7	...Hastings, F...	3.2	6 42	3 42
6 00	8 52	12 5	.....Hunters	5.5	6 48	3 50
5 56	8 47	11.2	.....Fillmore	6.8	6 5.	3 55
5 51	8 42	10.	.....Sellers, F.....	8.	6 58	4 00
5 46	8 36	8.	.....Waddles	10.	7 04	4 06
5 25	8 11	3.2	...Thompson, F..	14.8	7 26	4 32
5 20	8 07	2.	.....Krumrine ...	16.	7 30	4 37
5 13	8 00	0.	...State College...	18.	7 36	4 43

Trains will stop at stations marked F when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Trains 2 and 4 connect with Trains East and West on Bald Eagle Valley Railroad and Snow Shoe Branch.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Sup't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Jan. 31, 1887:

WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	7 55 a m
" "	Renovo	8 50 a m
" arr at	Erie	4 00 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" arr. at	Williamsport	2 13 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 30 p m
" "	Renovo	4 30 p m
" "	Kane	8 35 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in	Bellefonte at	5 00 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 a m
"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" arr at	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
	Renovo	9 00 p m
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Phil'a	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" " "	W'm'spo't	10 35 a m
" " "	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
" " arr. at	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore EXPRESS leaves	L. Haven	7 05 a m
" " "	Jer'y S'r'e	7 35 a m
" " "	W'msp't	8 15 a m
" " arr. at	Harrisb'g	11 30 a m
" " "	Phila'phia	3 15 p m
DAY EXP leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
" "	Renovo	10 20 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 a m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 45 p m
" "	Renovo	11 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 25 a m
arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo daily	4 05 p m
" arrives at	Harrisb'g	9 30 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. R. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with train on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Gen'l Supt.

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that the most delicate stomach will bear.

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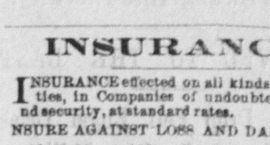

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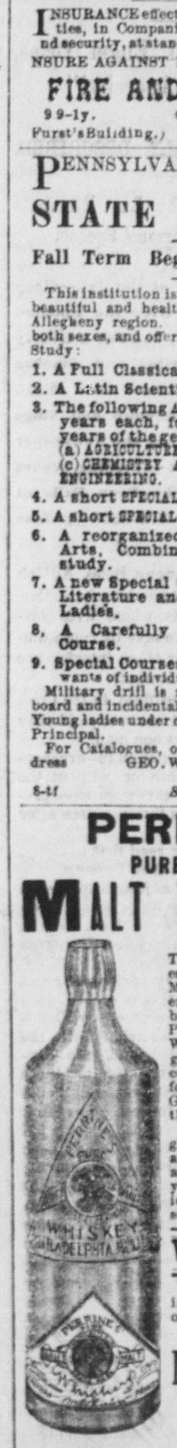

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Special Notices, Twenty cents a line each inser-on.

Annual and Six Months' Contracts at Special Rates

THE DROP FALLS.

Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel Swung Into Eternity.

UNMOVED TO THE LAST.

As the Drop Fell Engel Cries, "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

LAST SCENES FULLY DESCRIBED.

The Solemnity of the Last Moments Intensified by Parsons' Speech.

A Long Dreary Night at the Jail—Sleep Draws Her Mantle Over the Doomed Men—They Rise Early and Eat a Hearty Breakfast—Spies Writes and Smokes Calmly—Receiving Their Last Mail. Fischer Lifts Up His Voice and Sings the "Marseillaise"—How the Newspaper Men Passed the Night—Thrilling Scenes at the Execution—The Drop Falls at 11:54—The Tragedy Witnessed by Less Than 300 Persons.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Albert R. Parsons, the four Anarchists whose lives Governor Oglesby refused to save by commutation of their sentences or other interference with the law, have been hanged.

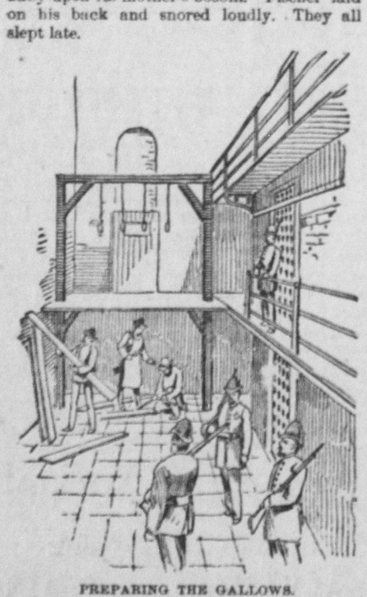
The great drop of the scaffold in the Cook county jail fell away at 11:54 a. m., and they plunged to their deaths as one man.

There was not a single hitch in the arrangement; no commotion within or without the jail, and the four bomb throwers were pronounced corpses within a few minutes after the drop fell.

The death warrant was read first to Spies, then Fischer, then Engel, then Parsons.

The shrouds were then adjusted upon each of the prisoners, and they were led out upon the scaffold. The caps, also of black, were at once placed upon their heads, and the nooses slipped over them.

It was a long and weary night. A great many dramatic and pathetic scenes were crowded into it. From the time Gov. Oglesby announced his final decision until the black caps were adjusted and the condemned men swung into eternity those in the jail were the witnesses of scenes that they can never forget. The first startling report that reached the jail was that State Attorney Grinnell had been shot last night, but this proved to be untrue. The condemned men spent their last night on earth strongly guarded. Some slept, others talked with the guards, and some wrote letters. Spies slept as peacefully as a baby upon its mother's bosom. Fischer laid on his back and snored loudly. They all slept late.



PREPARING THE GALLOWS.

Outside the jail all was quiet. Several hundred policemen and soldiers guarded the jail and its surroundings. No person was permitted to enter or leave. Spies refused to permit a good man of God to offer up a prayer to heaven in his behalf.

After breakfasting, Parsons, Fischer and Spies called for writing materials and went busily to work with them. Spies was apparently suffering from an internal fever, to which repeated draughts of water furnished little relief. He asked for a glass of Rhine wine, which was given him, and he tossed it off at a swallow. When the jail physician made his rounds Engel asked for some port wine, of which he drank two large glasses, seemingly from a desire to steady his nerves. Spies this time declined a stimulant, but took another copious drink of water.

The Rev. Dr. Bolton came early to the jail and had an interview with Parsons. He tried to talk to Spies, but the latter would pay no attention to him. Engel tried to engage him in a theological controversy.

About 9 o'clock Mrs. Parsons applied for admission, but was turned away from the jail door by the sheriff's orders.

Mrs. Parsons was accompanied by Mrs. Holmes. When they were refused admission they made a good deal of noise and were promptly arrested and taken to the police station.

Engel's daughter also applied to the sheriff this morning for permission to visit her father and say goodby, but was refused. She was not apparently agitated in the least, and took the refusal in a very matter of fact way.

The official copy of the governor's decision on the application for executive clemency was brought to Chicago by his son, and reached the sheriff shortly after 9.

At 10 o'clock, after all the condemned men had been given a drink of brandy, Fischer relieved the mental tension of himself and his associates by singing the Marseillaise hymn. The others joined him, but their voices, though loud, sometimes quavered perceptibly.

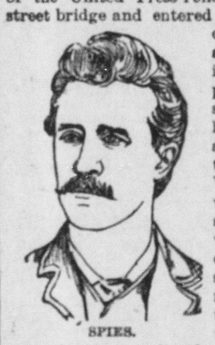
At five minutes before 11 fully 250 newspaper men, local politicians, and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves.

At 11:15 luncheon was served to the condemned men and at 11:30 the reading of the death warrants began, the sheriff taking Spies first.

Meanwhile, in the space in front of the gallows where the spectators were gathered, the noise of moving chairs and tables and the hum of conversation went on for some time, but gradually died away and was succeeded by an almost painful stillness. The bare whitewashed walls made a striking contrast with the dark brown gallows with its four long noosed ropes. A gleam of sunshine, shooting suddenly through the window, fell on a corner of the scaffold, and in a slight degree relieved its somber hue. Through this window were visible a number of policemen armed with rifles looking down from the roof of the Dearborn street wing on the proceedings. The chief bailiff began at 11:10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors, and bringing them forward to the row of little stools directly in front of the gallows. No other sounds were heard in the long, high corridor but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff and the rustling of the jurors as they tiptoed forward through the crowd.

[By the United Press.]

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The hands of the clock in the tall tower in the Board of Trade were pointing to 5 when the vehicles containing the representatives of the United Press rolled over the Clark street bridge and entered the north division of the city. It was a clear, cold morning. The damp, penetrating atmosphere of midnight had disappeared and the stars twinkled brightly. Very few people were upon the streets, and those whose business had called them out at so early an hour moved quickly as the keen eyes of the solitary officers who were stationed at the intersections of the cross streets were fastened upon them. As the vehicle crossed the bridge the hoarse sound of the police gongs were heard close behind, and a moment later two patrol wagons, filled with police officers armed with rifles, dashed by. When the corner of Clark and Illinois streets, half a block from the jail, had been reached the carriage was brought to a sudden halt, and a stentorian voice—that of a captain of detachment of armed police that stretched across the street—commanded the newspaper men to dismount. The command was quickly obeyed. The permit issued by the sheriff was called for and rigidly scrutinized while another of the officers looked suspiciously at the box relay which the United Press telegraph operator carried under his arm, as well as at the coil of wire that hung out of his pocket. The use and possession of these materials were satisfactorily explained, the passports were pronounced in proper form and the bearers were permitted to pass the cordon. Close behind them followed an officer. When the steps that lead to the jail had been reached another cordon of police had blocked the way. Credentials were called for and examined a second time and the strangers were ordered to pass in. Two raps were given upon the outer door, and as it revolved upon its hinges the butt end of a musket fell on the floor with a suggestive rattle. A quick trot across the spacious corridor, down the steps, across the court yard, up more steps, a whispered confab with the jailer, whose face was pressed between the heavy iron bars of the inner door, a clanking of keys, and the representatives of the United Press were within a few feet of the men who were so soon to die.

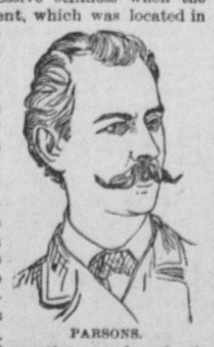


SPIES.

Inside the corridor were ranged the cells where the condemned men were sleeping their last sleep. All was as still as death. The death watch in slippered feet moved slowly up and down, stopping ever and anon to peer through the four barred doors and see that all was right. It was a welcome relief to the oppressive stillness when the telegraph instrument, which was located in the lawyer's cage within a dozen feet of the cell in which Parsons was confined, began its "click," "click," "click." Outside in the jail office, where the jailers, bailiffs and turnkeys, who had been sitting up through the night, were watching for the break of the eventful day, the air was hot and foul. Everybody moved on tiptoe and spoke in whispers, as though the slightest noise might penetrate the thick walls and arouse the sleepers. Sheriff Matson arrived at 6 o'clock. There was a look of intense anxiety upon his face, and it was plain to be seen that he fully realized the terrible responsibility which in a few hours would fall to his lot. He made his way through the crowded room to the inner corridor, joined the death watch and paced up and down with him for several minutes. Satisfied that all was well he retired again and closeted himself with Jailer Folz in the latter's office. A moment later Fischer awoke with a start. He yawned, rubbed his eyes, looked up at the daylight that was now creeping in through the skylights, sprang lightly from his cot and commenced to dress. There was a sullen look upon his face and he only grunted when the death watch wished him a cheery good morning. Almost at the same moment Engel and Spies awoke. Engel at once arose from his bunk; Spies, however, stretched his arms and lay still a moment, as if thinking. Parsons sat up upon the edge of his cot and gazed at the opposite wall of his cell. Then he sighed in a sad and weary way and slowly arose. Fischer expressed a desire to wash himself, and, guarded by six turnkeys, he was taken to the faucet at the farther end of the cage, where for months the condemned men have held daily levees with their friends and relatives. As he emerged from the cell he stood still for a moment and looked in a strange, inquiring way at the telegraph instrument, which at that moment was sending his every movement throughout the country. When he had reached the stationary washstand he turned the faucet with a sharp jerk, plunged his hands into the water and besprinkled his face and neck. Then he rubbed himself briskly with a towel, surveyed himself in the glass, and indicated with a nod to his keepers that he was ready to return. As the key turned upon him the door of Spies' cell was thrown open and he stepped out. Spies' face was pale as death, but there was a look of bravado upon his countenance, and as he stood there, with his head planted firmly upon his shoulders and his eyes looking straight into those of the tall man before him, it was evident that he was making a strong and determined effort to bear himself bravely to the end. He wished the guards good morning in an easy manner, and then, following Fischer's example, walked over to the other end of the corridor and washed himself. After he finished his ablutions and had been again locked up, Engel and Parsons were brought out in turn and given an opportunity to cleanse themselves. They manifested a firmness of demeanor, but said nothing in response to the questions of the keepers regarding how they felt. Parsons, however, asked for a hair brush, and one was furnished him from the matron's quarters. He brushed his hair carefully, and with the brief remark, "That's all," turned on his heel toward his cell. At 7 o'clock the food which had been ordered was brought in and taken to the cells. All had ordered beefsteak, coffee, bread and butter but Parsons, who had expressed a desire for raw oysters, fried eggs and milk toast. All of them ate heartily; Parsons especially cleared everything before him and asked for a plate of fried oysters. They were quickly procured, and as quickly put out of sight. When the prisoners had finished, a touching letter of farewell signed by Fielden and Schwab, part being in the handwriting of each man, was brought down stairs by a big turnkey. It was first passed in to Spies, then in turn to Parsons, Engel and Fischer. Dr. Gray, the physician of the jail, arrived at 7:30 and visited each of the men. A few minutes later Rev. H. W. Bolton, pastor of the First Methodist church, arrived at the courtyard door and asked to be permitted to talk with the condemned. He had been with them up to 11 o'clock last night, but had encountered cool treatment from all but Engel, who remained passive and allowed the man of God to talk freely. Whether or not the efforts to direct his mind to things spiritual was successful is an open question, for with the exception of a "Good night" when the minister left him he did not open his mouth, although he listened thoughtfully. "Certainly, come in," was Sheriff's Matson's response to the request, and the minister, at his own desire, was conducted to the cell occupied by Parsons, with whom he commenced to talk. Meanwhile Spies had called for paper, pen and ink, and was soon busily engaged in writing. At 8:18 Mr. Bolton, having passed just eighteen minutes with Parsons, left the cell. The Anarchist followed him to the door, and then pulling it to stood with his hands behind him, apparently straining his eyes to determine the personnel of the crowd in the jailer's office across the corridor. The preacher moved along the corridor and stopped at the cell where Spies was writing. The Anarchist looked up quickly, but without a word or a look of recognition he returned his eyes to the paper before him and his pen to its work. After standing at the door for a few minutes in the vain hope that Spies, after all, would consent to admit him, Mr. Bolton went to the next cell, which was occupied by Engel. Here he was readily admitted.

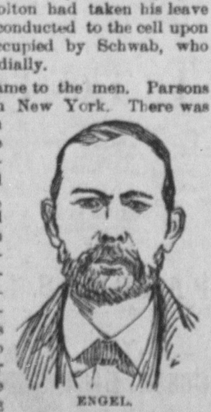
FISCHER.

Death Watch Osborne, who had become so much attached to the prisoners, came in at 8:30 and greeted all four in turn. Then he went up to the first tier of cells and talked with Fielden and Schwab. At 8:40 the sheriff directed one of the turnkeys to ask the men whether they wanted any stimulants. This was done, but all declined except Engel, who expressed a desire for port wine. A bottle was procured, and he emptied three large rum glasses filled to the brim. Spies ceased his writing long enough to light a cigar, crossed his legs, and then resumed his work. He sat in an attitude of extreme ease. There was a self satisfied look upon his face as his pen flew over the pages, and as he blew the smoke of his cigar into wreaths he looked more like a contented and happy business man in his office than a criminal whose sands of life were nearly run out. At 8:55 Spies quit writing, and, calling to the death watch, asked for a couple of envelopes. They were furnished him; with great deliberation he folded the paper upon which he had been writing, and placed three pages in one envelope and two in another. These he sealed and directed, and then resuming his easy position and his cigar he gazed contemplatively through the bars up at the skylight. Meanwhile Mr. Bolton had taken his leave of Engel and was conducted to the cell upon the upper tier occupied by Schwab, who welcomed him cordially.



PARSONS.

At 8:45 letters came to the men. Parsons received one from New York. There was one for Spies from New York; one directed to "Brothers Lingg and Spies and Parsons, Kameraden," and others to Citizen Engel. One received from Mattoon, Ills., was addressed to condemned Anarchists and was given to Spies. With eager hands the men tore open the envelopes and read the communications inclosed. There was a momentary cloud upon Spies' face as he threw one of the letters he had received upon the table. He sat another moment in deep thought and then requested the death watch to send for the sheriff.



ENGEL.

Mr. Matson responded with alacrity, and after a brief whispered conversation the ex-editor handed over the two letters and the sheriff placed them in an inner pocket of his coat. Spies also expressed a desire for a draught of Rhine wine and a messenger was dispatched across the street with instructions to procure a quart of the best quality. Returning to his table, Spies again commenced to write, while Parsons, Engel and Fischer sat with a gloomy expression looking out into the corridor. Word was brought in that Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes and two children of Mrs. Engel, Mary Engel and Edna Mueller had come to the Illinois street guard and were refused admittance. They then went to the Clark street cordon of police, but not having passes, were not permitted to pass. Word also came that they indulged in some vehement yet tearful talk about the execution of innocent men.

At 9:15 two new suits of clothes were brought in for Spies and Engel and taken to their cells. They were full suits of plain black clothes. As they were taken in Schwab appeared on the gallery overhead and peered down into their cells.

At 9:20 Sheriff Matson arranged the following guards around the scaffold, with Deputy Cahill in charge: Frake, Halke, Bears, Gross, Moran, Hamilton, Foley, Scantan, McCartney, Brainerd, Healy, Carolan, Freise, Lynch, Dooley, Walbridge, Wall, Kerns and Price. At 9:30 Dr. Gray arrived. He tarried at the jailer's office a moment and then went to Spies' cell. The sun was now in a position where it streamed in through the skylight, and Parsons, Fischer and Engel were bathed in its rays. At 9:35 Dr. Gray visited each cell and administered medical stimulants to the inmates. Word was brought into the jail that Mrs. Parsons, with her two children and Mrs. Holmes, presented themselves at the Dearborn avenue entrance and demanded to see her husband. She was refused admittance, and, declining to go away, the four were placed in a patrol wagon and taken to the Chicago avenue station. Spies drank the stimulant handed him by the doctor almost greedily, while the others accepted the glasses without demur and drained them to the bottom, then (9:40 o'clock) Fischer, Engel and Parsons commenced to pace up and down their cells, while Spies leaned against the wall away back in his cage, only the edge of his cardigan jacket being visible from the office of the jail. While Dr. Gray was with the men he was joined by Dr. Moyer, who spoke words of courage to each. When Sheriff Matson came out he stated that all the condemned had written letters to the members of their families and other friends which had been intrusted to him for personal delivery. At 10 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Gleason hurriedly entered the office with a letter, which he passed to Spies. The superscription was in a feminine hand. He read it without a movement of his facial muscles. All this time none but representatives of the press had been admitted to the jail office. The tickets of admission notified the holders to present themselves at the Illinois street entrance at 10 o'clock, but, in order that the reporters—and there were near a hundred of them—should not be crowded, it was decided to keep the holders of the general tickets in the jail yard until the moment for the execution arrived. This arrangement was an admirable one for the newspapers, who at previous executions in this building have been compelled to perform their duties under great difficulties. It was not relished, however, by the other visitors, who stood and shivered in the cold air and stamped their feet to keep the blood in circulation.

At 10 o'clock two telegraph dispatches were taken to Parsons. Just as the dispatches had been taken in the sound of singing in a guttural voice broke upon the ears of those gathered in the office. In an instant all was as still as death. The voice was that of Fischer, and he was standing at his cell door singing the "Marseillaise" with all the strength of his powerful lungs. There was a smile upon his face, not one of cynicism, but a hearty, open faced smile, as that of a man who was entering heart and soul into the sentiment of the words he was singing. He sang two stanzas of Rouget de L'Isle's famous song of the French revolution, and then subsided. None of his comrades joined in the chorus, although the faces of Parsons and Spies brightened up and they listened intently until the notes had died away. Schwab, who many a time in days gone by had joined in the chorus at the meetings of the International association, was considerably exercised by the episode, and paced up and down his cell with energy. Fischer was talking with his death watch. He said last night he dreamed of Germany and his happy childhood's home.

Just then a loud noise was heard. It was a deputy testing the scaffold with sand bags. Engel came to the door of his cell. He knew what the sound meant, and winked at his death watch. Rev. Dr. Bolton (10:15) again visited one after another of the cells, but from none of the condemned men did he receive a word of encouragement. Deputy Sheriff Gleason called Capt. Bonfield aside and asked him anxiously about the crowds on the outside and the probability of trouble. The captain replied that all was quiet and that the police were fully able to cope with any disturbance. He pointed to the roof at the jail, which was literally studded with officers armed with repeating rifles.

"When I get to heaven I'll put in a good word for Bill Stobie" (one of the guards), said Fischer to his death watch. Stobie has been very kind to the condemned men. At 10:25 Fischer talked gayly with his guard. Spies had lit another cigar and also talked to his keeper. He exhibited signs of nervousness. He received a letter, and Parsons a telegram. Engel walked up and down his cell. He was offered some stimulant but refused it.

At 10:50 County Physician Moyer took his leave of the men, to whose health he has been daily ministering for the past seventeen months. All of them shook hands, but not one of them displayed the slightest emotion.

From 10:50 to 11 Spies occupied himself in reading a paper. The others paced up and down their cells, stopping at every turn to look out through the bars like caged animals. The narrow corridor upon which the cells of the quartette look was filled with deputies. The scaffold was not painted, and was brown with age and usage.

There was a space of about two feet between each of the ropes and the four nooses hung on a dead level. The rope was light, but of substantial make.

At 11:10 the jury filed in and took their places in the double row of chairs which had been reserved in front of the press tables. The spectators, of whom there are less than 200, were admitted to the rear. Altogether the corridor was not half filled.

The cells on the first floor as well as those on the two upper tiers were emptied of their occupants. The gathering was quiet and decorous. Hats were removed and cigars thrown away. There was none of the crowding, pushing, smoking, swearing mob that disgraced the execution of the Italians two years ago.

The names of the jurors were called, and each rose to respond. Then there was quiet—deep, awful quiet. It was as though every man had ceased breathing; as if the earth stood still; as if the blood was congealing in the veins of the anxious spectators. The stillness was broken by a wail—a weird, grewsome sound. It was only the pet jail cat, but it pales the cheek of many a man who at another time would make the event a source of hilarity. The animal, which had been secured in an adjoining cage, is taken out, and again the stillness of suspense. Through the high barred frames of glass directly back of the scaffold a score of armed men were visible. They were as motionless as statues, their guns at their shoulders, and the muzzles bearing directly on the gallows window.

The moments passed on. A report gained currency that the sheriff was holding off until the last moment in expectation that something would be heard from Springfield. Suddenly the face of Deputy Gleason was seen at the entrance of the corridor leading to the scaffold. His face was white; he was trembling in every limb. He raised his hand. The moment had arrived. The shuffling of feet is heard in the corridor. It was 11:49 to the minute. Sheriff Matson appeared, his back to the gathering; he was facing the procession. Spies came into view, a broad shouldered bailiff was on his right; next came Fischer, then Engel. All three stepped from the second tier of cells to the scaffold; the spectators drew a long breath. "Parsons is saved!" was the word that goes around, but it was not to be. A second later and Parsons appeared. The four men were placed upon the trap. All were ghastly pale. Spies' hair seemed to literally stand upon end. Engel's shoulders seemed nearly to touch the top of his head. Parsons set his teeth firmly together and looked down calmly upon the crowd beneath. His face was the face of a man of iron. A murmur of admiration for his unflinching nerve goes through the spectators.

Engel turned around and said something inaudible to the deputy. It was evidently of a jocular character, for the condemned man laughed heartily. Fischer looked at him a moment, and then he, too, put in a remark. Spies and Parsons, at either end of the scaffold, maintained a stolid and dignified demeanor, but there was a look of unutterable woe on the face of the ex-editor, which pierced the hearts of those surrounding the scaffold. The shrouds had already been adjusted before the men left their cells. Nothing remained but to encircle each neck with the noose, and to cover each head with the cap.

Jailer Folz approached Spies. A quick movement, so quick that it could hardly be noticed, and the rope was around his neck and being drawn taut. There is not a movement of a muscle. The same stolid look, the same woe begone look from the eyes. Folz moved a step, and in a moment the throat of Fischer was encircled by the noose. He moved his head up and down as if it hurt him. Engel did not move as the operation was being performed. Parsons riveted his gaze on the ground and his features were contracted. All four were evidently determined to die game. A deputy approached Spies with the cap in his hands. The condemned man said something in an undertone. He was evidently remonstrating. The deputy wavered for a moment. Spies spoke still more earnestly. The deputy looks at the sheriff; the latter closed his eyes. It is enough. The cap was quickly drawn over the face of the Anarchist leader. It has been seen for the last time in life. The head of Engel was next covered, then Fischer, Parsons last. Fischer's head moved up and down in the direction of the sheriff, who, with his hands upon the iron railing of the gallery, was ready to give the signal.

It was as though the Anarchist, as well as he could in his muslin covered head, was beckoning the sheriff to approach him. That official, however, did not respond. There was a moment of deathlike stillness. Then clear and distinct came the voice of Spies. His form straightens up. The muslin seems to move in harmony with his lips. "Our silence is more powerful than speech." That was all, but there was a ring to it that echoes far away down the corridor. Silence again for a second. Then in a round, full voice a shout "Hurrah for anarchy!" comes from Engel. Another pause, broken this time by the voice of Fischer. "This is the happiest moment of my life!" He has had his say. Then the clear, well modulated voice of Parsons broke the oppressive stillness. There was not that enthusiastic ring in it which marked the utterances of the others. It is not the voice of a judge delivering a decision. A scarcely definable pause between each word: "Shall I be allowed to speak, O men and women of dear America?" The sheriff shifted his position a little. He was several feet away from the speaker, but the speaker must have seen the movement through the folds of the cap. There was a rising inflection in his voice, not so much of pleading as of demand. "Let me speak of Sheriff Matson," is what he says. "Let the voice of the people be heard"—— Down went the drop. The last words of Parsons had died upon his lips. Four bodies swung in empty air, and the Haymarket massacre was avenged.

CAPT. BLACK'S INTERCESSION.

He Telegraphs Sheriff Matson That the Mandate Is Illegal.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—No one worked harder than Capt. Black to save the Anarchists. He left for Springfield late last night to see the governor and again intercede for the condemned men. Capt. Black said he had positive knowledge that the Haymarket bomb was not thrown by Schnaubelt, and that he could during the trial have produced Schnaubelt in court, but was too much afraid of the rulings Judge Gary was making.

Capt. Black wired Schilling to remain in Springfield, as he (Black) would arrive in the morning at 6:20 to appear before the governor and urge a stay in the execution of Parsons, on the ground that the latter is insane, and has been for many months, and is not responsible for his acts. He will also make a plea for Spies, and in fact for all the condemned men. The trip is taken on the strength of a telegram received by Capt. Black from N. P. Wagener, of New York. Capt. Black says that if the governor would grant a reprieve for fifty days he thought they could produce the bomb thrower.

Attorneys Black and Solomon sent the following notice to the sheriff last night:

To Canute R. Matson, Sheriff of the County:

SIR—You are hereby notified that the pretended order, writ or mandate from the clerk of the supreme court of Illinois, northern grand division, directing the execution by hanging of August Spies, Nov. 11, 1887, is inoperative, illegal and void, and that it is issued and based upon an illegal, irregular and void so called judgment. You are further notified that if you shall attempt to carry said pretended order, mandate or so called judgment into execution of said Spies, as directed by said pretended order, mandate or so called judgment, you will be held legally responsible for murder and civilly responsible for causing the death of said Spies without due warrant of law. Hereof take due notice.

GLADSTONE AND BOULANGER.

What They Think of the Execution of the Anarchists.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—A telegram was sent on Tuesday to two well known Europeans—William E. Gladstone and Gen. Boulanger—asking them for their views on the execution of the Chicago Anarchists. The following responses have been received.

HAWARDEN, Nov. 13.—I regret not to have a comprehensive knowledge of the circumstances, without which I fear an opinion from me would be wholly valueless, WM. E. GLADSTONE.

CLERMONT-FERRAND, Nov. 14.—Much flattered by your request for my opinion, I hold that, as guilty of an offense against common law, the Chicago Anarchists merited severe punishment. But with reference to the sentence which has been pronounced I should, taking into consideration the political concomitants of the case, have joined my friends at Paris in petitioning for the commutation of the penalty of death. GEN. BOULANGER.

THE ANARCHISTS' FUNERAL

LAID AT REST WITHOUT POMP OR CEREMONY.

No Banners or Speeches Allowed—A Permit Issued by Mayor Roche. Great Precautions Taken to Prevent a Conflict.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Without banners, without speeches, with no music, save dirges, the remains of the five Haymarket murderers, who perished by rope and bomb, were borne to a lonely tomb ten miles out from the city of their fearful crime and death. Crowds of people lined the streets as the solemn cortege wound its way to the cemetery, but the precautions taken by the police prevented any outbreak, and the dogged and defiant looks of the mourners, coupled with the knowledge of the attitude of the authorities, was the only evidence of the terrible tension which undoubtedly existed.

Mayor Roche on Saturday sent for the committee of arrangements for the funeral and had a long interview with them. The mayor deemed it best for the city to assume a general oversight of the whole affair. The committee suggested that sufficient police should be around to clear the way and preserve order, and readily acquiesced in all suggestions made by the mayor. As a result of the conference, this final application was made:

"CHICAGO, Nov. 14.

"To the Mayor of Chicago:

"We, the undersigned, committee for and in behalf of the families and friends in making arrangements for the funeral of August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg, respectfully request that we be permitted to have a procession, which we agree to conduct in accordance with your instructions.

"Frank A. Stauber, Henry Linnemeyer, Max Oppenheimer."

Mayor Roche thereupon issued this order:

"Permission is hereby granted to the families and friends of August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to conduct a funeral on Sunday, Nov. 13, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock p. m., on the following conditions:

"The bodies are to be taken from the respective homes directly to the place of burial, the families and friends of the deceased forming a line on Milwaukee avenue, commencing near Bryson street, and the procession moving to Milwaukee avenue, to Desplaines street, to Lake street, to Fifth avenue, and to the depot of the Wisconsin Central Railway company at Polk street.

"The carrying or displaying of banners is prohibited, no speeches are to be made, and no concealed weapons or arms shall be carried in the procession; nor shall any demonstration of a public character be made, except to conduct the funeral in a quiet and orderly manner. The music, if any, shall be dirges only.

"This permit is issued subject to the statue law of the State of Illinois, and the laws and ordinances of the city of Chicago, and the procession will at all times be subject to police regulations."

JOLIET, Ills., Nov. 13. — Fielden and Schwab arrived at the penitentiary at 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon. After having donned the regulation prison clothing they were taken to the prison barber. Schwab first took the barber's chair, and the rough hands of the uncouth prison tonsorial artist deftly removed his long hair and flowing beard. Stripped of these adornments and minus his glasses Schwab looked like a half grown, ungainly youth just from college. Schwab was then taken into the measuring room and subjected to the Bertillion system of measuring for identification. His weight is only 135 pounds. Fielden then went through the preliminary process of shaving, hair cutting and measuring. The removal of his beard showed the heavy, square set jaw of the stolid Englishman. His solidly built frame was in striking contrast to Schwab's puny proportions. The Englishman's weight was 190. Bathed, shaved and arrayed in the striped garments of ignominy they were ready for the "solitary court," which means that they shall occupy a cell in solitary confinement until such time as they are assigned to regular work.

George Schilling, R. M. Burke, and Sam Bluhm were then admitted to a short private conversation with their two former political friends.

Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab will never hear their own names spoken except once in eight weeks, when each may receive visitors, unless they are pardoned. Fielden will be known only as Convict No. 8,526, and Schwab will be No. 8,527. On account of Schwab's feeble strength and poor health he will be put at some light employment, probably taking care of and replacing the books in the prison library, as he is a bookbinder by trade.

THE WAKE WAS POSTPONED.

New York Police Surround the Catafalque and Send the Mourners Home.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Carpenters' Progressive union intended to have a mock wake in honor of the Anarchists who were hanged in Chicago. They had hired Florence hall, corner Second avenue and First street, for that purpose, but the affair did not come off. The managers of the proposed wake had the hall and windows heavily draped, and had five newly mounted coffins and palls taken to the hall. Superintendent Murray heard of all these preparations, and after consulting with Inspector Williams determined not to permit it. Capt. John McCullagh, of the Twentieth precinct, thereupon received orders to take possession of the hall and await the arrival of the mourners. At 7 o'clock a platoon of police marched into the hall. When the committee of arrangements arrived they found a dozen or two bluecoats grouped around the coffins and the catafalque. The captain told the committee to go home, as the show was postponed indefinitely. There was a good deal of tall swearing and talk about "bloodhounds" and "hirelings of the monopolists," but the sight of the policemen's long locusts persuaded them to withdraw. The east side of this city Saturday night was fairly swarming with detectives and policemen in citizens' clothes.

Appropriations of $2,988,250 Wanted.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The annual report of Commodore Sicard, chief of the naval ordnance bureau, asks appropriations of $2,000,000 for ordnance for new naval vessels and $988,250 to improve the armament of vessels now in service.

Smallpox in a Jail.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 12.—A case of smallpox was discovered in the Raymond Street jail yesterday. The sick man was taken to the hospital and the jail thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. All the 100 inmates were vaccinated yesterday afternoon.

In Love and in Peril.

"Oh, I say, Wyndham," Paul Toy said, suddenly letting his heels down to their natural level, and getting up to light his cigar at a swinging-lamp of Berlin bronze, "I've been going to ask you several times what became of the little girl who posed for your Psyche. Some of the fellows fancied you were quite serious about her. Old Mangam was awfully cut up about it. He fancied you were going to throw away your whole career" (puff, puff) "by marrying her."

Lester Wyndham smiled, but the look on his face did not express much gaiety.

"Uncle Mangam was always imagining something," he said briefly.

"Well," said Toy, resuming his seat, "I confess that I was a little curious myself. What became of her, anyhow."

"Why, my dear fellow," Wyndham replied testily, "How should I know? One isn't bound to keep track of all the pretty models one—flirts with. I shouldn't attempt it. But see here—it is half-past seven. If we are going to hear 'Mignon' to-night, we'd better be off."

"Caserelli in the role, you say?" queried Toy. "I've heard her sing it twice. She is getting too old and fat for that sort of thing. See here—how would it do for me to join you after the second act? I ought to show up at the Snowdon reception, you know."

"As you please," Wyndham replied, buttoning his light overcoat over his dress-suit and tucking an opera hat under his arm, while he worked on his gloves.

"I'll stop here awhile, then," Toy said, dropping back into the Oriental chair which had such charms for him.

Wyndham's rooms were everybody's admiration. Fortune had smiled on the young artist. He had sold several pictures to the Academy, and just as Fame placed the laurel on his brow, his rich old uncle died, leaving him all his money.

The studio of an artist who has plenty of money ought to be the ideal of elegance, and Wyndham's was all that; yet he was not a happy man.

As he stepped into the coupe summoned to convey him to the Opera, the name of his pretty model was ringing sadly in his ears.

Where was Marguerite? Ah, if he only knew what had become of her?

He was alone in the box when the curtain rose.

The opening chorus seemed to him to come from afar off. He saw nothing of the painted singers that moved to and fro on the boards as the argument unfolded itself, and the audience began its fitful applause.

Wyndham saw nothing of the daubed scenery or the stage trappings; he saw his own room, and a little slender figure, modestly draped in soft white—Marguerite, with eyes like dark pansies, and a mass of shining hair rippling out of a high Greek knot.

The opera ran on, but Wyndham sat there, one gloved hand holding the libretto unopened, the other resting passively on the box cushions.

He seemed insensible to everything; but there came at last a full, splendid chorus that might have roused anyone.

Wyndham looked up.

The stage was full of men and girls. He glanced over them, and then—he started. Leaning forward, he caught his breath.

Could that be—who was that girl in white, with golden hair, singing with downcast eyes, her cheeks glowing with a carmine which art could not imitate?

"Marguerite!" he breathed. "It is my Marguerite!"

Like one spell-bound, he sat there leaning breathlessly forward till the last note of the chorus died away.

If she would only look at him! But no! What was that rosy glow above? Why did the prima donna glance up in a startled way, and then dash off the stage?

A sudden burst of smoke and a wild cry of "Fire!" revealed the danger.

Almost instantly the audience was on its feet. The stage-manager rushed out amidst the flight of the troupe through the flies, which were wrapped in flames in an instant.

"Sit still!" he cried wildly. "You will be crushed to death if you all go at once. There is time for all to escape."

But the mad rush for the doors could not be stopped, and almost before the stage-manager finished speaking, the fire-wall on the stage was let down with a crash.

It was then that Wyndham darted out of his box, through the flies to the green-room.

There was a wild crush and scramble there, too. Ballet-girls and figurantes flew in their scanty attire towards the narrow stage exit.

Men and women screamed and shouted but above the din rose Wyndham's voice, crying frantically:

"Marguerite! Marguerite!"

Up and down the narrow corridors, where the smoke was gathering so dense and black that death by suffocation was the first peril, Wyndham dashed like a madman.

"Where is Marguerite Valleau?" he cried frantically.

"Never heard of her," replied one of the machinists. "Save yourself, monsieur. There is no time to hunt for missing ones."

One of the chorus girls dashed by, wrapped in a great cloak.

"Marguerite Valleau is in the property-room," she said.

And Wyndham dashed forward.

He did not know where the property-room was; there was no one to tell him. The corridors were almost deserted by the flying troupe; but above, the flames swelled and leaped, belching forth sparks and smoke that threatened to choke him. From behind the fire-wall door he heard the roar of the terrified audience, like so many wild beasts trying to burst their cage.

"Maaguerite! Marguerite!" he cried.

But there came no reply.

To the right and left he ran, in one door and out another, till at last he came upon a limp, white figure lying on the floor of the deserted room.

"Marguerite—thank God!" he cried, fervently.

And catching her in his arms, he turned to retrace his steps.

His voice and touch seemed to arouse her. She opened her eyes and smiled—smiled with death staring her in the face, for Wyndham's passage was barred by flame. He knew not which way to turn.

"It is thou," she said softly, in French. "I saw thee from the very first."

"Marguerite!" he whispered, holding her close in his arms. "There is no place for us to go. We can not escape. Are you afraid to die with me, dearest?"

"No," she answered, with a fearless smile, but her eyes met his hopeless look with a fresh inspiration. "Let me go, monsieur," she said, quickly. "Come with me. I know a way. Take my hand—so!"

He obeyed her, and hand-in-hand they fled together down through a trap under the stage, and into a long narrow passage which terminated in an exit into the Rue Marivaux.

"This is for the administration," she exclaimed. "I was on my way here from the property-room when I fainted. If you had not come, monsieur, I should have been left behind."

He pressed her hand warmly as they hurried on.

"Open the door!" she said.

And Wyndham sprang forward to obey her, but fell back with a groan.

"It is locked!" he cried, wrenching the knob futilely. "There is no key!"

"We are trapped!" Wyndham said in agony. "We can not get back now, my poor little Marguerite!"

With a low sob, her head sank on his shoulder.

"As God wills it!" she whispered. "I am not afraid here."

Wyndham's arms were around her; his face close to hers.

"Do you love me?" he asked solemnly.

"Truly, monsieur," she replied, her arms clinging close about his neck.

"Then why did you go away?" he asked. "Why did you not let me know where to find you?"

"I was poor," she said. "I had to earn my living. And how could a young girl have stayed on there without—without—You know I could not."

"But I meant to ask you to marry me," he said quickly.

"Yes," she answered; "but, Monsieur Mangam, your uncle, said that could not be—that it was not right for you to marry me, because you would lose everything by that."

Wyndham shut his teeth hard.

"Tell me, Marguerite," he said, "would you marry me now? I am a rich man. My uncle is dead. Would you be my wife now?"

"If I only could," she sighed. "I have always loved you."

A new light broke over his face.

"Oh," he cried; "to think that we must die now! Just when I have found you, my darling! Oh, it is hard to die!"

"Hark!" she cried. "There is someone!"

There were hurried steps on the pavement. Someone shouted without, and the two voices within sent forth an answering shout.

Then came some swift, thundering blows against the lock. It burst open, the door was flung back, and they were free!

Wyndham staggered out with Marguerite on his arms.

"Look up, my pearl," he whispered.

But the head had sunk insensibly on his breast, and she knew nothing.

Someone caught Wyndham's arm.

"Lester?" cried Paul Toy. "Good Heavens! is it you?"

"it is I!" he answered fervently. "And this is the girl you asked me about this evening. Get a carriage, Paul."

"The young lady——"

"Goes with us. Do not be surprised. She will be my wife to-morrow."

Paul Toy asked no questions. His thoughts were taken up with the blessedness of having saved his friend from a horrible death.

He had come to the theatre as by his appointment, and found it in flames. He knew it was useless to search for Wyndham in the awful confusion of that scene, but by chance he saw that the door into the Rue Marivaux was not open. He had often gone into the theatre by that door with members of the administration. Perhaps it might serve as an exit to some who were imprisoned in that burning building.

Half-a-dozen men rushed to open it at his suggestion, and then—Lester Wyndham had staggered out."

The full extent of that awful horror was not known to these three till the next day, when the work of bringing the dead from the ruins was sadly begun.

Over that let us draw a veil. The story has been told, with all its horrible details, by journals in all countries.

But amid all the dreadful misery that night entailed, it is pleasant to think that the disaster brought with it the happiness of at least two loving souls.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S CASE

NOTHING NOW POSSIBLE BUT TRACHEOTOMY.

The London Radical Clubs Denounce Sir Charles Warren Bitterly—Relief Experienced by Gladstone's Letter.

Serious Crisis in Hyderabad.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—A distinguished English doctor who is in constant communication with Dr. Mackenzie and in full sympathy with his treatment declares strongly that the new cancerous growth in the crown prince's throat is entirely distinct from the old wart treated by Dr. Mackenzie. The two growths are fully an inch apart. He says that Mackenzie is right both in diagnosis and in treatment, and that the outcry against him in Germany is simply due to professional jealousy. There will, he thinks, be no operation for the present. This opinion is confirmed by the statement published that the crown prince's medical advisers agree that a partial excision of the larynx is useless, while a total excision is ruled out utterly by the prince himself. Nothing is now possible except tracheotomy, and that only in case the patient is threatened with suffocation.

The Radical clubs throughout London are holding special meetings and denouncing Sir Charles Warren bitterly for his suppression of the Trafalgar square meetings. No decision, however, has been taken with regard to the proposed repetition of the attempt to hold a meeting next Sunday, or will be until the meeting of delegates from all the clubs.

Mr. Gladstone's letter deprecating resistance to the executive authority, which, he says, must always have the presumption of being in the right, and advising a test case in the law courts, has made everybody breathe more freely. The Radicals were determined to go on with the second Sunday demonstration, which must have ended in a massacre.

The Pall Mall Gazette is trying to enlist subscribers to a Law and Liberty Defense league for London, with a view to paying the costs of the defense, etc., of those who have been arrested in connection with the public meetings; but very few men of influence appear inclined to follow the example set by Mr. Graham and Mr. Burns. The general sentiment of the better class of people is in agreement with Mr. Gladstone's advice, and against complicating parliamentary procedure by an alliance with the disorderly mob.

The belief here is that the government will proceed in Ireland in future by warrant instead of summons, the former being the more expeditious process.

A rather serious crisis at Hyderabad, India, is reported, the nizam's recent anti-Russian propaganda being ascribed to the desire of the Nawab's minister to crush the party of the late premier. Sir Saler Jung, son of the great Sir Salar Nizam, is said to have consented to exile some of the chiefs of the late minister's party. The money offered to Lord Dufferin was intended only to square the suzerain government in the event of trouble with Jung's party. Meanwhile Jung is practically exiled from Hyderabad.

BUFFALO'S BAD CROSSINGS.

The Board of Railroad Commissions Render a Decision.

BUFFALO, Nov. 16.—In the matter of an application of the business interests of this city for relief from the inconveniences and dangers of the grade crossings of the various railroads centering here, the Board of Railroad Commissioners has rendered a decision, recommending that certain streets be depressed and the tracks crossing them be elevated, in the nature of a compromise. In other cases the board confesses itself unable to make any recommendations, believing that the matter will right itself in time. The report is signed by Commissioners Rogers and Baker. Commissioner Kernan concurs in the report, and says the elevation of the tracks is the best remedy proposed for existing difficulties, and as recommended by the board, it will inaugurate a system, which, as extended, will free the streets without injuring adjacent property. The plan of bridging streets as proposed by the railroads is viewed with disfavor.

"What the World Believes."

The above is the title of a work just published by Messrs. Gay Brothers & Co., New York city, N. Y. It is the literary production of fifteen eminent ecclesiastical scholars. Elegantly printed and superbly bound, it is at least $1.00 cheaper, per volume, than most subscription books. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful.

As to the subject matter, it is a complete compendium of what the world believes—not only Christain, but also pagan. The book will surely meet a public want. To publish such a work was a happy thought, as the general reader who wishes for a comprehensive knowledge of all the systems which have attracted the interest and affections of mankind, needs and will be thankful for just such a book as this.

It contains all the main facts on which the science of "Comparative Religion," both Christian and heathen, rests. It sheds light on the nature of man and explains the causes which have produced the history of the past and made man what he is to-day.

Purity of Grape Products.

The scarcity of pure and reliable wines has kept them out of the reach of those in moderate circumstances. Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., who has spent thirty-two years in cultivating and acclimatizing the Port Wine Grape vines from Portugal, and establishing his vineyards, produces the best wine in America. For sale by druggists.

SALE REGISTER.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22.—At residence of Mrs. Hiram Hendrixson, Barree township, Huntingdon county, horses, cows, stock, wagons, implements, produce and furniture. Sale begins at 12 o'clock, M.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, November 15, 1887.

Red Wheat, old, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed Wheat, old	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	50
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Cloverseed, fair to good	$4.50
do prime and extra prime	4.75
do choice	5.00
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4.25
Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$8.00—$10.00
Nova Scotia Plaster	$8.50

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Provision Markets.

[Corrected weekly by A. C. Moyer & Bro.]

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Cherries dried per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	18
Country Hams, per pound	13
Hams sugar cured	15
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, per pound	10
Eggs, per dozen	25
New Potatoes, per bushel	75
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12½—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½
Lemons, per dozen	30
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter per gallon	50
Roller Flour, per sack	$1.25—$1.30—$1.35
Apples, per bushel	50

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 19 29 1y

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Barbara Etters, late of the township of College, county of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to William Etters and John W. Etters, resident of Tyrone, Penn'a, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney.
WILLIAM ETTERS,
JOHN W. ETTERS,
Administrators.
18 46 6t

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR

Disordered Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Constipated Habit.

A Remedy which quickly charms
The Infant in the mother's arms,
While drooping age will strive to drain
Each drop the gob et does contain
This EFFERVESCING SELTZER fine
A blessing proves to me and mine.

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1888.

CREATLY ENLARCED.

MUCH THE BIGGEST OF ALL THE NEW YORK WEEKLIES.

GREATER VARIETY OF CONTENTS, NEW PRESSES, NEW TYPE AND NEW APPLIANCES.

AT THE HEAD OF THE REPUBLICAN PRESS.

The New York *Weekly Tribune* will be enlarged on or before the 1st of January, 1888, by the addition of from four to eight more pages of actual reading matter—an increase of size of great expense to *The Tribune*, but without expense to the subscriber.

A complete outfit of the new folding and inserting presses will be put in THE TRIBUNE'S press-room in November and December; and the extra sheet will be folded into its place in the main sheet before it comes from the press. The enlarged TRIBUNE will be the biggest and best of all the New York weeklies, and the new machinery will print it, in the enlarged form, at the rate of 72,000 copies per hour.

New Features and greater Variety of Contents will be added to THE TRIBUNE during the coming year. Readers will be given nearly a half more for their money than ever before.

Pensions for the old volunteers, especially Service Pensions, are being vigorously agitated in THE TRIBUNE; much space is given in every issue to this subject. Better Protection to Farmers under the Tariff; the salvation of the country from the curse of intemperance; and the rescue of the national government from the hands of the rebel brigadiers; these and all the other live issues of the day are receiving aggressive, earnest and loyal treatment in THE TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE does not attempt to supercede the local State and county press. But, in the great Presidential conflict now at hand, every thinking Republican, old soldier, farmer and temperance man, should have his local paper *and* the New York TRIBUNE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—WEEKLY, $1 a year; extra copy with every five. SEMI-WEEKLY, $2 a year; extra copy with every five. DAILY, $8.50 per year SUNDAY TRIBUNE, $1.50. The new subscribers receive the paper until January 1, 1889. Remit always by *draft, check express or postal order or registered letter.*

PREMIUMS.—(1.) The New York TRIBUNE'S History of the United States and Pocket Atlas of the World, 16mo., 254 pages, 50 maps, 50 colored diagrams; price, 40 cents; to subscribers, 20 cents; prettiest premium of the year—a fascinating running account of the history of the country, with a great variety of statistics and general information. (2.) Presidential Pocket Knife; subscribers' names and picture of his choice for President on the handle; send for descriptive circular; price at retail, $1.75; but given with the WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year for the same money, $1.75; two other styles, for less money. (3.) Popular Picture Gallery—6 fine large pictures, including the new officers of the G. A. R., Mr. Blaine, Senators Evarts and Hiscock, "Return of the Mayflower," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Children Writing to Santa Claus;" send for circular. (4.) Waltham Watch; expansion balance movement, stem winder, stem set, seven jewels, nickel case, thoroughly reliable, and an excellent watch; with the WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 year, for $7.50. (5.) TRIBUNE'S "Book of Open Air Sports." (5.) Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary." (7.) Wood's "Household Medicine." These premiums cannot be described in full here. Send for circular.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

States with Popular Names.

Arkansas—Bear State.
California—Golden State.
Connecticut—Nutmeg State.
Delaware—Diamond State.
Florida—Peninsular State.
Georgia—State of Watermelons.
Illinois—Prairie State.
Indiana—Hoosier State.
Iowa—Hawkeye State.
Kansas—Garden of the West.
Kentucky—The Corn Cracker.
Louisiana—Creole State.
Maine—Pine-tree State.
Massachusetts—Bay State.
Michigan—Wolverine State.
Minnesota—Lumber State.
Mississippi—Bayou State.
Missouri—State of Muddy Waters.
New Hampshire—Granite State.
New Jersey—Sweet Potato State.
New York—Empire State.
North Carolina—Turpentine State.
Ohio—Buckeye State.
Pennsylvania—Keystone State.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
South Carolina—Palmetto State.
Texas—Lone Star State.
Vermont—Green Mountain State.
Virginia—Mother of States.
West Virginia—The Panhandle.
Wisconsin—Badger State.

Fall and Winter Season—1887-'88. All our new *Woolens* now on sale. MONTGOMERY & CO., Tailors.

New Advertisements.

A RARE COMBINATION

THE

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WEEKLY PRESS

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THE LEADING FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA,

FOR ONLY $2.00.

THE WEEKLY PRESS is a Republican eight-page newspaper containing a complete digest of all the news of the week—a full report of all the leading markets of the country—the best farm department of any general newspaper—special departments for women and young people—a good original story in each number. In fact THE WEEKLY PRESS is a complete newspaper.

THE REPUBLICAN

Contains all the home and local news, and all other items of special interest to the people of Centre county. Taken together, these two papers furnish the complete necessary general reading matter essential to every family in Centre county.

They will be sent to any address for **$2.00** *in advance*, postage free, which is practically the price of one paper.

No such offer has ever heretofore been made and we are confident beyond successful competition in this country. Old subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer, who may have already paid in advance, can do so by accepting our terms and their subscription will be credited a year in advance of the present payment.

This liberal offer is open alike to all. Sample copies of the WEEKLY PRESS will be sent free on application. Address:

REPUBLICAN,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Everywhere the Same.

Wherever Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir is introduced it leads all other remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute. Regular physicians endorse it as a first class specific for the purposes for which it is prepared. Barnard Salisbury, of Humphrey Centre, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes:—"I have tried it in my family and find it splendid. We keep it constantly on hand and would not keep house without it" At this season of the year all persons are liable to a cold, which one or two small doses of Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir will relieve at once.

—More rain, is the cry through a large part of the country. In many places the scarcity of rain has been much more apparent than it is here. There is plenty of cloudy weather, but the down-pour of rain is delayed.

What am I to Do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may by a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

—Mr. Lamar is to be elevated to the supreme judicial bench, Postmaster General Vilas will be put at the head of the Interior Department, Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, is to succeed Mr. Vilas.

Oh! ye who teach the ingenious youth of our nation, let them learn the noble act of self defense, as Salvation Oil is the specific for hurts.

Little Annie, yesterday told us, in her way what a good medicine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is; it had cured her of a very severe cold.

—The Rome, Watertown and Ogden railroad is ahead. It has discarded the dangerous car stove and now heats its carriages with steam from the engine.

Minot's Dentifrice.

Is used and highly valued, where people admire a handsome set of teeth. The price is 25 cents; it prevents decay, spongy gums, and gives a sense of sweetness and freshness. As a reliable tooth preparation, it stands without equal. Sold everywhere.

—Governor Beaver spoke on Tuesday evening in Pine street Presbyterian church, Harrisburg, to an audience composed exclusively of young men.

The components of Laxador are daily prescribed by the the ablest physicians of the land. It is nonpareil for loss of appetite and debility. Price 25 cts.

Perfect health can be assured to the baby by judiciously using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle.

—Meteoric showers are in order.

Medical Value of Wines.

As a general rule the use of wine is not necessary for young persons in good health, breathing country air and not exposed to over work. As, however, life advances and the circulation becomes languid, natural red wine used in moderation, becomes an essential article and in many cases absolutely necessary, but it must be the pure product of the grapes. And even in the Eastern States the physician meets large numbers of town people, especially women, who cannot digest the food and drinks suited to out-door laboring people. In such cases they resort to the beverage of tea which gives rise to a distressing dyspepsia. The wines produced in New Jersey, especially the Burgundy and the Port Grape Wines from Alfred Speer's Vineyards, at Passaic, are the more reliable and the most sought after by physicians and those who have traveled abroad and know what wines are.

ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—I have used your Sociable Claret and your Port Wine in my practice with great satisfaction. Very truly yours,
WM. B. CHILDS.

For sale by druggists.

Prof. Loisette's Memory Discovery.

Prof. Loisette's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Ave, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 350 at Oberlin College, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn., &c. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, &c., place the claim of Prof. Loisette upon the highest ground.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th judicial district, consisting of the Counties of Centre and Huntingdon and the Hon. Chester Munson and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 8th day of Sept., A. D. 1887, to me directed, for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the peace in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the fourth Monday of November, being the 28th day of Nov., 1887, and to continue two weeks, notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the fourth Monday, the 28th day of November, 1887, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 5th day of Sept., in the year of our Lord, 1887, and in the one hundred and twelfth year of the independence of the United States.

W. MILES WALKER,
Sheriff.
19 44 4t

VALUABLE FARM

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises in Half Moon township, Centre county, Pa., on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1887,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all that certain farm adjoining lands of Matthew Eder, Susan Gray et al., containing 137 acres and 7 perches, more or less, and being part of the Abram Elder homestead property, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones by a black oak, a common corner of lands of George S. Gray, the Lamberne surrey and the heirs of A. M. Elder, deceased; thence South 32½ degrees West 94½ perches to a pine; thence North 37¾ degrees West 366 8 10 perches to a post and stones; thence by lands of McDivitt's heirs North 56¾ degrees East 72 4-10 perches to a post; thence South 37½ degrees East 226 4 10 perches to a post; thence South 37¾ degrees East 96 3-10 perches to a post; thence North 52¾ degrees East 54½ perches; thence East 37½ perches to the place of beginning, having thereon erected a large frame barn.

TERMS OF SALE:—One third of purchase money in cash upon the execution of the deed; one-third in one year and one third in two years, and deferred payments to be with interest, and secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises.

DANIEL BATES,
C. K. ELDER.
19 44 4t

Bellefonte Republican.
By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

FLASHED OVER THE OCEAN

THERE IS PRACTICALLY NO HOPE FOR THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Caffarel Scandal—Mr. Gladstone Indisposed—The Trafalgar Square Meetings—Lord Mayor Sullivan's Personal Liberty in Great Danger.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Mr. Gladstone, who is much affected by the death of Lord Wolverton, one of his warmest personal friends, and who is still suffering from the effects of over exertion on his Nottingham trip, has been wisely resting during the week at Hawarden, exercising on trees with his usual ardor, and on the Tories with an occasional letter, exploding the lies in which they have been very fertile of late. The grace and ease with which the Grand Old Man can trip up a lying little hypocrite of a Tory or Unionist with a tip of his intellectual fingers and turn him inside out is a sight to warm the heart of every right minded citizen.

Political prophets are interesting themselves in the fate of W. H. Smith, the leader of the house of commons, who is in London attending to business with untiring industry and entire freedom from the genius or inspiration acquired in a long life devoted to running news stands. The universal belief is that he is a plump sacrifice to be offered up at Salisbury's convenience. The question is whether he is keeping the leadership warm for Arthur Balfour, the premier's nephew, or for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has come back in good health prepared to renew the fight against Ireland, in which he was so badly worsted as Balfour's predecessor at Dublin Castle. There would be no doubt of his willingness to annoy and in every way to interfere in the rights of the Irish members, should either be made leader of the house.

There seems to be some chance that Lord Mayor Sullivan will, after all, have to spend his Christmas in jail. The crown has succeeded in its appeal against Magistrate O'Donnell's decision respecting the publication of the reports of the suppressed branches of the National league, and the case will have to be retried under circumstances which may result in conviction. The cabinet at its regular meeting is understood to have talked a good deal about Mr. Dillon, and once more decided to prosecute him on the first provocation. United Ireland is again threatened with suppression, but although its editor is in prison it goes cheerfully on its way publishing secret police circulars and columns of reports of suppressed branches of the league.

The outcry against Sir Charles Warren, the head of the London police, forbidding meetings in Trafalgar square, is growing in force and indignation among the Radicals. It bursts out in all sorts of ways. Warren, unfortunately, is subject to the weak and irresolute home secretary, who changes his mind easily and quickly. Warren himself is a martinet and the conflicting orders he has been compelled to give have irritated him considerably. Personally he would like to adopt buckshot and bayonets, and no other method of restoring tranquility. A little more oscillation between firmness and irresolution on the part of Matthews will probably cause Warren's resignation, either voluntarily from disgust or compulsorily through a popular outcry.

In Paris the Caffarel scandal still rages. It is now known exclusively as the Wilson-Grevy scandal, for all others implicated have dropped into the background, and Frenchmen's souls are all torn up over the grievous fact that the son-in-law of the president has been trafficking, as his opponents delight to phrase it, in the national honor, and that his father-in-law was, however innocently, his assistant, and persists in upholding him. Wilson has been driven into a corner, and there is no possibility of his proving his innocence. The ten private secretaries alone who have been bundled out of the palace of the Elysee by the force of public opinion prove how extensive his shady transactions must have been. The scandal itself from the view of others than Frenchmen is not so important. Gentlemen wanted red ribbons or other pleasant things in the gift of the government, and found other gentlemen who were in power and who were willing to use that power in any given direction if well paid, a thing which happens everywhere. The really important question is, will M. Grevy be driven to resign, and bring about a dangerous crisis? At present the old president shows considerable grit and a desire not to give up his comfortable and dignified post unless obliged to do so. There is hope that he may remain in office until the crisis is past, especially as Rochefort and his other most dangerous opponents hesitate to bring about a catastrophe for fear of putting in power Jules Ferry, whom they hate more than any other man. The extreme Radicals will hesitate to play the final card until they see some real hope of elevating to power Gen. Boulanger, whose term of imprisonment soon expires, and in whom the interests they have been scheming for are centered.

More important, however, than the personal fights of Parisian journalists and politicians is the news about the German crown prince. He is practically dying; there is no longer any hope, and the anxiety felt all over Europe is justified by the gravity of the situation, which is, indeed, gloomy enough. At last a decisive examination has been made, which resulted in the doctors declaring that a radical cure was impossible, the only difference of opinion being as to how long the crown prince's life could be prolonged. The crown prince heard part of the discussion between the doctors. He showed the greatest self-possession when told that his recovery was very uncertain, and retired to meet the princess. He afterward sent a long dispatch to the emperor, and then, recalling the doctors, he told them that he placed himself in their hands. The old emperor has but a short time to live at best, and there is only the young Prince William to take the reins of government at a time when the situation on the continent is as critical as at any time in the past fifty years. Nothing more clearly reflects the general uneasiness than the sensitiveness of the bourses, which are like the mercury in a well regulated thermometer. The fact is that the nature and gravity of the prince's disease have either been not properly understood, or else have been concealed, partly to gratify the vanity of the English physician, Morrel Mackenzie, whose reputation was at stake, and partly for state reasons, which demanded that Germany should present a firm and undisturbed front to the hostile demonstrations of France.

Finding a Way Into Buffalo.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 14.—A rumor is afloat that the managers of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railway have perfected arrangements by which the corporation can gain an entrance into Buffalo. The New York, Lake Erie and Western railway company, it is said, has granted them the privilege of running their trains from Lockport through, by way of Tonawanda, to Buffalo. In order to utilize this privilege it is necessary simply to build a spur about nine miles long from the lake port of Olcott to connect with the New York, Lake Erie and Western railway at or near Lockport. It is understood that work will be begun on the spur from Olcott to Lockport in the spring

HIS DEATH WAS CAUSED BY POISON.

An Expert Chemist Dies Suddenly—Mr. Casamajor's Career.

BROOKLYN, Nov, 14.—While crossing the Brooklyn bridge in a cab at 4:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon Paul Casamajor, of No. 372 Green avenue, Brooklyn, the corresponding secretary of the American Chemical society, and one of the most widely known chemists in this part of the country, was taken seriously ill, and died before a physician could reach him. In the carriage with him was C. O. Mailloux, a close friend of Mr. Casamajor. He had the sick man removed to the Sands street station house, opposite the bridge entrance, and a call for an ambulance was sent out, but Mr. Casamajor died before it arrived.

Dr. E. F. Mordough, of 70 Sands street, was sent for, but arrived too late to be of service. After examining the body he concluded that death resulted from paralysis of the heart, caused, he thought, by poison. This statement started a rumor that the dead man had committed suicide. In his pockets were found over $1,000 in cash and many papers referring to his business.

Mr. Casamajor was 55 years old and was a native of Santiago de Cuba. When a boy he came to this country and was educated in Portsmouth, N. H. Later he was graduated from Harvard, and afterward he spent several years in the Medical College of Paris. He devoted himself to civil engineering for several years, and went to the oil fields of Pennsylvania. He became dissatisfied and began a study of chemistry. He was a great student, and of late had begun a series of lectures on chemistry before various societies.

SHE WAS KEPT ALIVE BY PRAYER.

But the Faith of Her Family Grew Weak and She Died.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 14.—At Jeffersonville, Ind., Mrs. Florence Long, who was believed to be kept alive by prayers, died Friday night. Mrs. Long was only 19. About six months ago she was stricken down with consumption and had been confined to her bed since. Her physician said both lungs had been nearly destroyed by disease.

Two weeks ago, however, she astonished the family by walking out to dinner. She said that in answer to the prayers of herself and her friends she had seen her Maker, and He had commanded her to arise and go about her duties. She had been attending to ordinary household work ever since. She had even made preparations to go to housekeeping again for her husband. Friday night at 6 o'clock she said that she was going to die because some of her family had not faith. At 10 o'clock she engaged in prayer with a number of friends who had come in, and at 10:25 quietly lay down and breathed her last.

What "The People" Has to Say.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 14.—The People, a newspaper started about two years ago as a workingmen's organ, but which has of late drifted toward anarchy, was published Saturday in mourning. On the title sheet is the cut of a man suspended from the gallows; over it the legend "The Cross of the New Crusade," and under it "In Hoc Signo Vinces." Editorially the paper says: "Look out for the social earthquake, the spiritual resurrection; it must come. The tomb cannot hold free speech. The grave cannot hide liberty. The gallows cannot choke the New Jerusalem of liberty, equality and fraternity."

Clara Louise Kellogg Married.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 14.—The Journal's correspondent at Elkhart, Ind., informs that paper that Clara Louise Kellogg and her manager, Carl Strakosh, were married at that place on Wednesday night at the close of an entertainment given by the company. Every possible effort was made to keep the matter secret for at least two weeks, the records of the marriage being hidden and the officials and officiating clergyman pledged to secrecy. Notwithstanding the precautions the news has became public property.

A Well Deserved Punishment.

READING, Pa., Nov. 14.—Before court adjourned Saturday Judge Schwartz called up the attorneys, Daniel E. Schroeder and John F. Smith, who a week ago engaged in a shooting affair in his presence, and sentenced them to pay a fine of $50 each. The court reprimanded them for their misconduct and stated that a repetition of the offence would be treated in an entirely different manner. The rule to disbar them, which was made returnable on Dec. 5, will now probably be withdrawn.

The New York Anarchists.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Anarchists of this city will hereafter be kept under strict police surveillance. Detectives will be at every meeting and report to Superintendent Murray all incendiary speeches, and agitators whose vehemence leads them to use language "calculated to cause a breach of the peace" will be arrested and prosecuted under the same section of the code that sent Herr Most to prison.

His Witnesses Were Absent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Charles J. Campbell, who is accused of sending the letter to President King, of the Erie railroad, on Monday last, declaring that unless he received $50 he would kill Mr. King and blow up the road, was Saturday arraigned in the Tombs court. As the defendant's witness were not present, the case was adjourned until Tuesday next.

$10 for Thaddeus Stevens' Sofa.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 14.—At a public auction of old furniture in one of the Lancaster market places a claw foot mahogany sofa that had belonged to Thaddeus Stevens was knocked down for $10; a three legged table that once occupied a place in "Old Thad's" office brought only $3, and a quaint old looking glass that had belonged to him sold for $1.50.

Wrecked by an Explosion.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—A gasoline tank in the cellar of the house of John J. Campbell, at Ocean Point, L. I., exploded Saturday, immediately setting fire to the house. The building cost $30,000 and its furnishings $15,000. The property is a total loss. Mr. Campbell, his wife and family barely escaped with their lives.

The Farmers' Congress.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—The farmers' congress, which has been holding sessions daily since Wednesday last, adjourned Saturday afternoon. Their next session will be held in Topeka, Kan., next November. Col. R. F. Kolb, of Alabama, was elected president for the next two years.

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19 43 4t Harrisburg, Penn'a.

—The Thanksgiving service, this year, will be held in the Presbyterian church. The sermon will be preached by Rev. D. S. Monroe, D. D.

Personal Pencilings.

Dr. Bell, of Osceola, is in Bellefonte to-day, intending to remain until Monday.

Nelson Lucas departed on Wednesday, for Washington, D. C., after only a brief visit.

Capt. Henry Montgomery has moved into his new residence on the hill—East High street.

Governor Beaver was in town on Tuesday to vote and remained here during Wednesday.

County Chairman, Wilbur Reeder, Esq., displayed a large flag from his residence on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Cessna, of this place, was called away by the death of her mother on Wednesday.

Robert Cooke, Jr., the new sheriff, was in town on Wednesday and received congratulations.

Geo. Royer and family, of Millheim, have moved to our town. Mr. R. is an expert carpenter.

Mr. Daniel Rhoads feels very much pleased at his splendid vote. He has reason to be pleased.

Mr. James Milliken's new hat is very stylish and elegant and is peculiarly becoming to the wearer.

Mr. John A. Rupp who is the only official of importance elected by the Democrats on Tuesday, is a genial, agreeable gentlemany and bears his honors easily.

"Let every man read, ponder and take comfort, for we are all prisoners of hope."

"BILL ARP'S" JOY

UPON READING

MILLENNIAL DAWN,

THE

"PLAN OF THE AGES."

FOOD AND COMFORT FOR ALL THINKERS.

READ HIS COMMENTS.

(From Atlanta Constitution.)

A kind lady has sent me a book of 350 pages called "Millennial Dawn," published by the Tower Publishing Co., in Pittsburg, Pa., which will, I believe, awaken the thinking world. I see that its sale is already over twenty-five thousand. It is impossible to read this book without loving the writer and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives. There is hardly a family to be found that has not lost some loved one who died outside the church—outside the plan of salvation and if Calvinism be true outside of all hope and inside of eternal torment and despair. We smother our feelings and turn away from the horrible picture. We dare not deny the faith of our fathers, and yet can it be possible that the good mother and her wandering child are forever separated—forever and forever?

I believe it is the rigidity of these teachings that makes atheists and infidels and skeptics—makes Christians unhappy and brings their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave—a lost child, a lost soul!

Let us see how many lost souls. The geographers give the world a present population of fourteen hundred million, of whom only one hundred and sixteen million are Christians,—that is, who live in Christian countries. Of these, only sixteen million are adult members of the church; and of these, about one million walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. That is a beautiful picture.—Only one million of truly good, pious Christian people in all the world, and thirteen hundred and ninety-nine millions who are elected to be eternally damned. Add to these figures one hundred and forty-two billions, who have already lived and died in the ages past, and if all these are damned, it does look like God's plan of salvation was a miserable failure. He gets one soul for glory while Satan captures thousands.

This wonderful book teaches that trial is yet to come—that all are to rise from the dead when Christ comes, that He will offer His salvation to all people; not only to the living, but to those who rise from the dead. His kingdom will be supported by the saints and by good people everywhere, and the mother will have another chance to reclaim her wandering child and bring him unto the kingdom. This wonderful book makes no assertions that are not well sustained by the Scriptures. It is built up stone by stone, and upon every stone is the text, and it becomes a pyramid of God's love, and mercy, and wisdom. There is nothing in the Bible that the author denies or doubts, but there are many texts that he throws a flood of light upon that seems to uncover its dark and gloomy meaning. I see that editors of leading journals, and many orthodox ministers of different denominations, have indorsed it and have confessed to this new and comforting light that has dawned upon the interpretation of God's book. Then let every man read and ponder and take comfort, for we are all prisoners of hope. This is an age of advanced thought and more thinking is done than ever before,—men dare to think now. Light—more light, is the watchword. BILL ARP.

The truths set forth in the above described work so benefitted me, so opened my eyes to God's great, just, loving, wise plan, and so opened the Bible before me, that with others who have read and been caused to see, I have concluded to spend such means and strength as I possess in passing this cup of refreshing truth to other thirsty souls. To this end I am *loaning this book*, postage prepaid, to all who will promise a careful reading of it and to pay return postage. The above came voluntarily and unexpectedly from Mr. "Arp's" pen after reading the book, sent him by me, and is well matched by hundreds of letters from people in every station of life. I want every *intelligent*, thinking man and woman to read the book, for as "Arp" truly says, "It is impossible to read this book without loving the author [Doubtless God through the writer was the real *Author* of the plan unfolded,] and pondering his wonderful solution of the great mysteries that have troubled us all our lives."

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Miscellaneous.

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Further Election Returns.

Ferguson (E. P.)—For Supreme Judge, Williams 74, Thompson 143, State Treasurer, Hart 74, McGrann 144, Associate Judge, Rhoads 75, Grove 139, Treasurer, Goss 107, Kimport 109, Sheriff, Cooke 82, Noll 136, Commissioners, Henderson 74, Decker 96 Griest 131, Fiedler 129, Register, Gramley 73, Rupp 144, Recorder Harter 78, Morrison 139, Auditors, Gray 74, Gregg 76, McKee 141, Krise 142.

Patton Township—For Judge, Williams 98, Thompson 61 State Treasurer, Hart 99, McGrann 61, Associate Judge, Rhoads 95, Grove 64, Treasurer, Goss 99, Kimport 101, Sheriff, Cooke 103, Noll 57, Commissioner, Henderson 98, Decker 94, Griest 79, Fiedler 62, Clemson 7, Register, Gramley 97, Rupp 62, Mattern 1, Recorder, Harter 98, Morrison 61, Auditors, Gray 115, Gregg 42, McKee 66, Krise 36.

Marion Township—For Supreme Judge, Williams 48, Thompson 83, State Treasurer, Hart 47, McGrann 84, Associate Judge, Rhoads 49, Grove 79, Treasurer, Goss 54, Kimport 77, Sheriff, Cooke 80, Noll 51, Commissioners, Henderson 50, Decker 52, Griest 78, Fiedler 79 Register, Gramley 47, Rupp 84, Recorder, Harter 47, Morrison 84, Auditors, Gray 50, Gregg 50, McKee 81, Krise 81.

Philipsburg (3d ward)—For Supreme Judge, Williams 69, Thompson 50, Chase 16, State Treasurer Hart 69, McGrann 50, Irish 15, Associate Judge, Rhoads 66, Grove 52, Derstine 6, Treasurer, Goss 70, Kimport 47, Bair 19, Sheriff, Cooke 71, Noll 46, Flegal 18, Dale 1, Commissioners, Henderson 76, Decker 67, Griest 49, Fiedler 49, Burk 16, Clemson 16, Register, Gramley 71, Rupp 48, Mattern 16, Recorder, Harter 71, Morrison 49, Gephart 16, Auditors, Gray 71, Gregg 71, McKee 49, Krise 49, Sankey 16, Dale 16.

Rush Twp (S. P.)—For Supreme Judge, Williams 24, Thompson 52, Keyser 2, State Treasurer, Hart 27, McGrann 50, Associate Judge, Rhoads 29, Grove 48, Treasurer, Goss 27, Kimport 46, Bair 1, Sheriff: Cooke 80, Noll 47: Commissioners, Henderson 28: Decker 31: Griest 42: Fiedler 50, Register, Gramley 23, Rupp 49: Recorder: Harter 11, Morrison 66, Auditors, Gray 28: Gregg 28: McKee 49: Krise 49.

Milesburg Boro—State Treasurer: Hart 116, McGrann 29, Irish 4: Kennedy 16: Supreme Judge, Williams 117: Thompson 30, Keyser 8: Chase 4: Associate Judge, Rhoads 127; Grove 24, Green 10: Sheriff: Cooke 126; Noll 23 Decker 19: Flegal 4: Treasurer, Goss 118: Kimport 29: Bair 4; Way 10: Register, Gramley 118: Rupp 30: Mattern 4: Murphy 10 Recorder: Harter 119: Morrison 27; Gephart 4: Young 11: Commissioners: Henderson 121: Decker 171: Griest 26: Fiedler 30: Alkey 10: Buck 4; Clemson 4: Thompson 9: Auditors; Gray 118; Gregg 129: McKee 29: Krise 39: Sankey 4: Dale 4.

Harris Township—For Supreme Judge: Williams 61: Thompson 122: Chase 2: State Treasures: Harter 60; McGrann 123; Irish 2: Associate Judge: Rhoads 69: Grove 107; Derstine 3, Sheriff: Cooke 70; Noll 113: Flegal 2: Treasurer; Kimport 140: Goss 41: Bair 2: Register: Gramley 55, Rupp 125: Mattern 2: Recorder: Morrison 123: Harter 60: Gephart 2; Commissioners: Griest 95: Fiedler 120: Henderson 68; Decker 79: Buck 2; Clemson 2: Auditors: McKee 123; Krise 120: Gray 61: Gregg 60: Sankey 2; Dale 3.

Half Moon Township—For Supreme Judge: Williams 97: Thompson 38; Keyser 3: State Treasurer: Harter 94: McGrann 38: Kennedy 1: Associate Judge: Rhoads 102: Grove 31: Sheriff: Cooke 97: Noll 35: Derr 1: Register: Gramley 92; Rupp 38: Murphy 2: Recorder: Harter 87: Morrison 43: Young 2: Commissioners: Henderson 98: Thompson 3: Decker 90: Griest 34: Fiedler 36: Alkey 1: Treasurer: Goss 92: Kimport 38: Way 3: Auditors: Gray 103: Gregg 77: McKee 54; Krise 28.

Unionville Boro.—For Supreme Judge, Williams 77, Thompson 57, Chase 4: State Treasurer, Hart 56, McGrann 38, Irish 3: Associate Judge, Rhoads 61, Grove 33, Derstine 4: Treasurer, Goss 58, Kimport 36, Bair 4: Sheriff, Cooke 58, Noll 36, Flegal 4: Register, Gramley 57, Rupp 37, Mattern 4: Recorder, Harter 57, Morrison 35, Gephart 4: Commissioners Henderson 57, Decker 56, Griest 40, Fiedler 32 Buck 6, Clemson 2: Auditors, Gray 57, Gregg 57, McKee 37, Krise 37, Sankey 4, Dale 4.

Howard Boro.—Supreme Judge, Williams 90, Thompson 47: State Treasurer, Hart 90, McGrann 45: Associate Judge, Rhoads 93, Grove 42: Sheriff, Cooke 110, Noll 26: Treasurer, Goss 92, Kimport 44: Register, Gramley 92, Rupp 44: Recorder, Harter 92, Morrison 43: Commissioners, Henderson 93, Decker 96, Griest 35, Fiedler 44: Auditors, Gray 92, Gregg 92, McKee 44, Krise 44.

Walker Township—Supreme Judge, Williams 87, Thompson 156, Chase 1: State Treasurer, Hart 87, McGrann 156, Irish 1: Associate Judge, Rhoads 89, Grove 104, Derstine 1: Sheriff, Cooke 115, No 1 133: Treasurer, Goss 87 Kimport 109: Register, Gramley 89, Rupp 157: Recorder Harter 87, Morrison 151: Commissioners, Henderson 85, Decker 92, Griest 106, Fiedler 158: Auditors, Gray 88, Gregg 88, McKee 108, Krise 158.

Boggs Twp. (E. P.)—Supreme Judge, Williams 63, Thompson 46: Associate Judge, Rhoads 66 Grove 44: State Treasurer, Hart 62, McGrann 47: Sheriff, Cooke 64, No 1 47: Treasurer, Goss 53, Kimport 46: Register, Gramley 63, Rupp 46: Recorder, Harter 63 Morrison 46: Commissioners, Henderson 64, Decker 64, Griest 48, Fiedler 46: Auditors, Gray 63, Gregg 64, McKee 46, Krise 46.

Howard Township—Supreme Judge, Thompson 72, Williams 116; State Treasurer, McGrann 72, Hart 116: Associate Judge, Rhoads 122, Grove 62: Sheriff, Cooke 107 Noll 41; Treasurer, Kimport 69 Goss 10; Register, Gramley 119, Rupp 10; Recorder, Harter 119, Morrison 69: Commissioners Henderson 123, Decker 121, Griest 37 Fiedler 69: Auditors, Gray 120, Gregg 120, McKee 69, Krise 67.

Snow Shoe (E. P.)—Supreme Judge, Williams 97, Thompson 47, Chase 1: State Treasurer, Hart 104, McGrann 94, Irish 1: Associate Judge, Rhoads 125, Grove 70, Derstine 1: Treasurer, Goss 107, Kimport 91, Bair 1: Sheriff, Cooke 108, Noll 90, Flegal 1: Commissioners, Henderson 111, Decker 104, Griest 87 Fiedler 91, Buck 1, Clemson 1: Register Gramley 104, Rupp 91, Mattern 1: Recorder, Harter 104, Morrison 94, Gephart 1: Auditors, Gray 104, Gregg 105, McKee 94, Krise 92, Sankey 1, Dale 1.

He Wasn't.

"Now, Lige, don't you be ershamed uv me."

This remark was addressed by a tall, stoop-shouldered girl, dressed in a sort of wrapper made of yellow linen, to a fat, "chunky" young fellow. They constituted a bridal party and were feasting their eyes on the exciting scenes of city life.

"Now, don't you be ershamed uv me"

"Ershamed uv you, honey? Why, I don't know who in the nation would be ershamed uv you."

"Kit an' Sis an' Tobe' 'lowed that you'd git me down here an' be ershamed uv me."

"Wall, they didn't know what they was a-talkin' about. Ef a man was to tell me that I would be ashamed uv you, w'y, we'd mix too quick."

"I know you'ue seed mo'n I have," she said, after a few moments' silence, "but you ain't going to be ershamed uv me, air you?"

"You bet I ain't."

"I coulder married Jake Bumpers ef I'd er wanted to, couldn't I, love?"

"Yes," he replied, with a swagger of conscious superiority, "but I jest come along an' knocked his props right from under him. I jest nachully grind such fellers inter sassage meat, me."

"Some uv the folks 'lowed you wouldn't be good to me, Lige, but you will, wont you?"

"Wall, you're talkin'."

"An' ef I was to ax yer fur er quarter you'd give it to me, wouldn't yuo?"

He winced a little and replied, "A whole quarter?"

"Yes, love, a whole great big quarter."

"Wall, I reckon I would."

He gave her a twenty-five-cent piece, not without holding it just a little longer than true generosity would warrant, and said:

"Thar, now, who said I wouldn't be good to you? P'int out the feller that said thar wuz anything mean about me."

She clasped her hands over his arm, gazed into his eyes and said:

"Ligy, I never do want you to be ershamed uv me."

Edison says that only one-fourth of a ton of coal is used. The rest goes up chimney. It is well that Edison has settled this question, for we had been led to believe that the three quarters not burned went off with the wagon.

BAKER'S COD LIVER OIL AND Malt.

A proved remedy for Consumption and diseases of Throat and Lungs.
New Life and Vigor follows its use.
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We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer, To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex: all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. feb11 1y b&w

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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed: you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE

For Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. $1.00 per bottle, 6 for $5.00, at Druggists. Try it
19-3-1-y

All Sorts.

It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them in heaven.

A little girl in a primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words feet and foot. She said, "One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

When Mattie R——, a little Baltimore girl, was told by her mamma that Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden, she innocently asked, "Did they go in a phaeton or a carriage, mamma?"

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS

—Philadelphia was carried by the Free Sabbath and Free Whiskey combination.

—You see Cooke is so popular that the people of New York elected him secretary of State.

—Traveling troupes speak in terms of high praise of the fine amusement hall in Eagleville.

—Having completed the foundation for one house, Rev. J. A. Woodcock has commenced to excavate for another.

—Work on the tower in front of Mr. Reynolds' building looks dangerous. Several men were working there on Wednesday.

—Miss Carrie Brown and Mr. T. A. Elliott, both of Lock Haven, were married in that city on Tuesday evening of this week.

—The wind blew very violently on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of last week, but was comparatively calm during the day.

—Nina Van Zandt, who loves Mr. Spies should be named Anna, because everyone says Anna(r)kissed Spies while Nina was not permitted to do so.

—The Clymer Family gave two entertainments in Milesburg—one on Tuesday evening and one Wednesday evening. They were given in G. A. R. hall and were enjoyable.

—James P. McCabe, who was convicted of the murder of Michael Reilly, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Honesdale, Wayne county, on Wednesday of last week.

—Already the advance lithographic work for "Mugg's Landing" entertainment has been put on exhibition by the general agent for that troupe, which will be here on the 28th inst.

—How welcome is the rain at this time! After weeks of drought, it came in refreshing quantities. Large drops, falling musically. The parched earth drank them in with avidity. Everyone rejoiced.

—We are very sorry to learn that Mr. Cyrus Brumgard, of Miles township, was seriously hurt a few days ago at Coburn by being run over by a heavy wagon filled with coal and also tramped on by the horses.

—Mr. George Thomas, of Ridgeway, who is now in town, has been at work recently in fighting the fire which threatened to destroy the timber on his property near Snow Shoe. In doing so his hand was disabled.

—Crazy patch-work continues to be the rage with the ladies. The crazier it is made to look the more highly prized it is. As to crazy quilts, however, it is not certain that people who may be covered with these articles are themselves crazy.

—Someone in the crowd that rushed into the jail, during the fire on Thursday, took a pocket book containing money, which belongs to a working girl employed there. The person is known and is ordered to return it at once or he will be prosecuted.

—That large specimen of iron ore in front of Frank P. Blair's jewelry store came from Gen. William H. Blair's farm above Roopsburg. It is the finest quality of ore. The specimen in question weighs 600 pounds and much larger ones have been taken from the same place.

—Rev. J. J. Norris, of this place, on Saturday, departed for his new charge at Connellsville, Pa. Rev. Mr. Norris was much esteemed while here and he is followed to his new home with regrets at his necessary departure and hopes that success will reward his efforts in a new field.

—Statistics show that the consumption of sugar in the last fifty years has gone up from about fifteen to seventy pounds per head; of tea from one and one quarter to four and three quarters pounds per head; of tobacco from eighty-six hundredths to one and forty-hundredths per head, and other things in proportion.

—Mr. Bryan, the husband of the woman who was dangerously shot several weeks ago asked us, a day or two ago, to put a notice in the paper for him, but other important matters made us forget it. He desires to thank the ladies of the town who have interested themselves in caring for his wife. He also thanks Gregg Post for a special and very kind offer made by them to him.

—We are very glad to hear that the largest degree of prosperity and success continues to mark the course of the glass works here. During the early part of the season, Superintendent Conroy tells us, some difficulty was experienced in getting workmen of the kind desired, but now all is moving onward as smoothly as clock work. A very superior quality of glass is being made.

—A horse dealer from Indiana county while riding along a lonely road near Philipsburg on Thursday was stopped by two masked men armed with rifles, who demanded his money. He replied that he had no money, but as that did not satisfy them they requested him to fork over the cash. After hesitating he did so, handing them his wallet, containing exactly $21. Fortunately for him he had just sent all but the $21 home the same day. He says the robbers were hunters.—*Tyrone Herald.*

Millions for Missions

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY CONVENTION IN THE BELLEFONTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

One million dollars is the amount which the Presbyterians of the United States will endeavor to raise this year for foreign missions. There is no reason why they should not succeed.

In furtherance of this object a missionary convention was held in the Presbyterian church on Thursday. There was a session in the morning, but we did not learn the proceedings. The afternoon session was full of interest and the addresses were impressively grand.

Rev. Mr. Kelley, of Spruce Creek, presided with dignity. He announced hymn No. 1, read a lesson from St. Mark, 16th chapter, and prayed. The first speaker was Rev. Daniel Hughes, of Petersburg. He named John the Baptist as a notable example of what a Christian minister and missionary should be. In his stern strictness there was no room for a new probation. His remarks were brief and to the point.

After hymn 648 Rev. Mr. Hayes, of Mifflintown, delivered a scholarly and powerful address. He is an orator and his manner of presenting truths is forceful. He draws strong contrasts. He stated that Gospel truths are to be spread through the agency of the Christain church. In the early days of the church the most strategic points in Europe, Asia and Africa were taken possession of. The idea he presented of what constitutes the highest grade of missionary work was exceedingly striking. It is to go in earnest faith at the command of the Captain without questioning whether it will pay—

"Their's not to reason why
Their's but to do and die"—

Voltaire's words were that the Christain religion would soon disappear. Even then God was saying that His word would be "from everlasting to everlasting." Is the Son of Righteousness like the solar orb—illuminating only one side of the world at a time? So it would seem. When Christian light was brightest in Asia all was dark in this country. At that time Africa gave the greatest theologian—Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

He said that men will always chose the worst religion. Zorcaster is the best of the heathen religions and has the least followers. Mohmedanism cannot compare with Buddism, Confusius' teaching, etc., but it has the most followers. It is a missionary religion and is being rapidly pushed forward. He showed how the world is prepared for the missionary and named India as an example of a place where there are the greatest facilities for spreading the Gospel—thousands of miles of railroad and at each station the Gospel may be preached. Already there are thousands of Christians there. His description of the woman whose highest ambition is to wear a dead bird and a live dog was highly amusing. Whiskey was named as the worst enemy of Christianity even in that heathen country.

The singing of hymn 625 and a prayer preceded the address by Rev. J. W. Bain, of 1st church, Altoona. It was scholarly, polished and thoughtful. With terrible earnestness he enforced the fact that all the world is Christ's, including more than a billion of people. They were given to Him, but many are not loyal subjects. The missionaries must gain them by conquest and in doing so deserve support. What is a paltry million compared to the hundreds of millions poured out for less important objects?

THE EVENING SERVICE.

A large and excellent choir, in the evening, rendered a brilliant musical selection in which Miss Speer, Mr. Lukenbach and Mr. Voris took solo parts.

Rev. Wm. Laurie, D. D., introduced Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D., one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The reverend gentlemon is much more youthful in appearance than we expected him to be. His address gave only outlines of the mission field and the prospects and possibilities. He said that the Board which he represents is not strictly foreign -that the word does not occur in the charter. Particularly pleasing was his description of what has been done, during fifty-two years, among the North American Indians. The Presbyterian terian church has expended $600,000 among them and 10,000 Indians have been converted. He, himself, has been in churches where the minister was an Indian and the congregation was composed exclusively of Red men. Does the result pay for the money and labor expended? Gen. Sherman, in a report, said that it had taken $30,000,000 to kill 15 Indians—$2,000,000 per head. There are missions in Mexico, and at the present day the missionary martyrdom of Mexico is greater than in any other country. In Brazil is a favorable field and also in Chili. Then he spoke of the the missions in Syria, Persia, China and Japan. The work accomplished in Japan is amazing, and more missionaries are needed there at once. All told, there are not more than 175 missionaries in the foreign field of the Presbyterian church, with 250 faithful woman as assistants, and they do more in proportion than ministers, elders, Sabbath school teachers and favorable circumstances do at home.

—A man named Norman McKenzie, walking through a bridge on the Tyrone & Clearfield railroad, near Philipsburg, on Wednesday morning of last week, was overtaken by a train. Becoming excited, he fell with his arm across the track. That member was crushed so badly that amputation was necessary. His head also was bruised.

"Our Jonathan."

A notice of Tuesday evening's entertainment was crowded out on Wednesday.

Notwithstanding the excitement outside (it was election night) was intense, the large audience inside Humes' Hall were rendered almost oblivious to election returns by the fun-making powers of Mr. Wm. (Yankee) Moore, who takes the title role in the play of "Our Jonathan." Mr. Moore combines many qualities as a comedian. His wit is natural and fluent, his action is easy and smooth and his words "full trippingly from the tongue." Mr. Moore soon gets control of his audience and keeps it hilarious throughout. The piece was well put on the stage, the support more than fair and the orchestration admirable. The play having some depth yields a good moral.

Miss Bella Vivian is in every sense a soubrette and one who began her profession in A. B. C. order. She is a wondrously graceful dancer and sings well in a cultured though not a strong voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, at the opening of the play, were alarmed at the adverse report, by telegram, of their little daughter who is sick at home. Later they had another message that the child was better. We noticed the play went better towards the close.

It is superfluous to mention the "Dude Band's" parade and the personation of "Our Jonathan," with his rake in his hand, *just come to town*, as every one in town, no doubt, witnessed it and thereby saw a really good parade, of novel character and excellence in costume. Mr. Moore and his company were here last year and "Our Jonathan" seems to have borne repetition unusually well for Bellefonte.

NEXT!

The next attraction at Bellefonte Opera House will be on the 17th, 18th or 19th insts, *one night only*—Hazelrigg's "One Million Dollars" company. This is new play this season and is a society comedy drama in five acts. The following popular artists support Mr. John Hazelrigg: The brilliant young comedians, Fannie Francis, Rose James, Edith Hall, May Marshall, Kittie Van Orden, Jennie B. Allen, Mr. E. F. Gielpin, Emil La Croix, Ivan Peronet, A. L. Munson, Walter Aldrick, G. W. Harrison, General Agent; Harry Chapman, manager.

Caught in the Greensburg Tunnel.

Elmer McNutt, of Johnstown, who has for some time past been engaged on the natural gas pipe line near Derry station, was struck by a freight train in the tunnel at Greensburg shortly after 10 o'clock Sunday night, the 6th. McNutt, finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, went to Greensburg Sunday. He was at that depot that evening to see fast line east go through and, after the train passed, he started down the track toward the water plug, intending to board a freight for Derry. Arriving at the tunnel he started through, but had only gone a short distance, when an east bound freight, unseen by him, struck him and knocked him down, running over his left leg, between the ankle and the knee, and slightly injuring him about the head. He was picked up and carried to the station and Coroner Hammer notified. The coroner arrived a short time afterward and had him conveyed to the jail, where the injured limb was amputated just below the knee. McNutt is about 24 years of age and married. His wife and mother reside at Johnstown. His mother went to Greensburg Tuesday to see him.—Altoona *Tribune*.

—Some of the results of the election were extremely curious. For instance, that Mr. Titus M. Gramley should not receive as many votes as any of the other candidates on the Republican ticket was not thought of. For the office to which he was nominated he was perhaps better fitted than any other. His character is absolutely irreproachable. He is bright, keen and full of energy. But lack of confidence, alone, defeated him. He had not the least idea that the Republican county ticket would be successful. He believed it would meet the fate of former nominations. So he resolved to attend to his duties as a teacher and did not attempt to secure a vote. This gave his opponent, Mr. Rupp, the majority.

Letter List.

Following is a complete list of the letters remaining uncalled for in the post-office at Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a, November 7, 1887:

Edward Banner, Charley Cha, James Crocker, J. C. Dawson, Warren Ide, Miss Bertie Tansey, Hubert Fox, George Giell, Willie A. Haviland, M. R. Jenkins, Mrs. Mollie Monburg, Mrs. Annie Miller, Wm. F. Patterson, W. R. Potter, Mrs. Mary N. Potter, Harlan Saylor, George M. Smith, Fall Stover, Miss Ellen Shunk, P. H. Turner, Walker & Co., Chas. Waltz, W. E. Weaver, Miss Margaret Welsh, Miss Christie Wilson-2.

Persons inquiring for letters named in the above list will please say advertised.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, P. M.

GOING TO EUROPE.

THE INCREASING DEMAND ABROAD FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE.

Mr. J. W. Rankin, the secretary and manager of the Swift Specific company, of Atlanta, Ga., sailed last Saturday on the steamship Servia, for Liverpool, accompanied by Dr. J. Emmett Blackshear, of Georgia, whose services have been secured as medical director of the company at their headquarters in London. The purpose of Mr Rankin's trip is to supervise the business interests of the Swift Specific company in Europe, and superintend the necessary advertising, placing it upon the same extensive and thorough scale which has for years been adopted with such signal success in America. The main office, established less than a year ago in London, has been crowded with orders to an extent taxing its facilities to the utmost, and imperatively demanding immediate enlargement to meet the rapidly increasing demand for the famous S. S. S. medicine in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Unionville Items.

The one absorbing event of the season past—the battle is fought and the victory won by somebody. There was a good turn out at the election and all passed off quietly. Some trickery, practiced in handing out tickets supposed to be genuine Republican tickets, was—Jack Griest's name on it. Jack had quite a crowd home with him to dinner.

Another indication of the growing importance of this place lies in the fact that the railroad company are about to make this a first class station, which will benefit the numerous persons who ship and receive freight.

The material for the new iron bridge over Dicks run is on the ground awaiting the arrival of the contractor to put it in position.

Mr. Riley Pratt has just returned after several weeks' sojourn in Philadelphia with the house for which he does business.

B. Rich has just returned from a business trip to West Virginia.

Some hunters have gone to the mountain but we hear, of no deer being brought in yet.

The great improvement in the DAILY NEWS is very much appreciated by those who take it here, and it deserves a much more liberal patronage, being cheap and newsy. J.

Forest Fires.

The Montgomery county branch of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association is holding public meetings to arouse interest as to the necessity of taking means to preserve the forests of the State, and among some of the most enthusiastic members of this branch organization are half a dozen prominent gentlemen of Philadelphia. The movement is a good one and is timely, for if the present rate of forest destruction continues in Pennsylvania there will soon be no forests to preserve. Nor is all this devastation caused by indiscriminate cutting of timber, for the forest fires cause an annual loss in this State of from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. This is a tremendous sum. It represents tens of thousands of acres of fine timber, and falls heavily upon the owners of the woodlands all over the Keystone State.

This great loss could be almost entirely avoided if the laws were enforced against hunters who leave fires burning, and against farmers who apply the torch to clear brush lands. The losses by the axes of lumbermen must be made good by replanting. It is to gain both these ends that the Forestry Association of the State and its branches exist, and both may be attained in time by persistent effort.

Trespassing on Property.

An exchange says: "Some persons think that the sign boards forbidding hunting, fishing, nut gathering or trespassing upon private lands are of little account and they may be regarded with impunity. This is a mistake, as the law makes it an act of trespass to go upon any cultivated or enclosed land for any purpose without permission from the owner, even if there is no sign board, and the owner is entitled to recover actual damages for such trespass. When the sign boards are properly erected, any person who trespasses upon land so guarded is not only liable to pay the actual damages, but also a penalty not exceeding $25. If, however, the land owner wishes to avail himself of the provisions of the law he must comply with the requirements. There must be at least one sign, not less than a foot square to every fifty acres of land, upon the lot lines, upon the shores or banks of the lake, stream or pond which it is intended to protect. Any person who defaces, injures or destroys such a sign board is guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a penalty of $25.

—On Thursday Policeman Joshua Folk saw smoke issuing from the window of the northeast room on the second floor of the jail. He went at once to the building and found that a package of miscellaneous articles in a closet was on fire. The family were in the rear rooms and did not know of the presence of fire in the building. With their assistance in passing water to him the flames were quickly extinguished. The firemen of all the companies were on hand, but of course it was not necessary to bring out the apparatus. It is said that a small child, in playing near the closet, probably carried a match there and the flames originated from that source.

Testimony of an Eye-Witness Regarding a Serious Accident.

EDITOR OF NEWS:—SIR—I see a notice in the *Watchman* of the accident at Belsena, on the 3d of November, when James Gonder had his ankle smashed. I was sitting at the rear end of the passenger car, the door of which was open. I was looking at Jonas Dinges, the engineer, shifting the engine, to return to Maderia. I heard a cry of distress, though I could not see any one. I thought the cry came from under the engine until Jonas moved it back, when the fireman helped the young man to his feet. I ran to him, and the fireman, another man and I carried him to the baggage car and put him on a stretcher. He said he had stepped on the car catcher to ride back. There was ice on it and he slipped off onto the frog with one foot. His foot was turned around, being smashed at the ankle. I saw him carried to his mother's house in Philipsburg, where I was told the doctor took his foot off above the ankle.

This young man had been driving the express wagon in Philipsburg for some time previous. A few months ago he took the position of brakesman on the Houtzdale passenger train, and it was feared that he would be hurt, as a lady told me at Philipsburg that she had remarked that he surely would be hurt, for he never attempted to get on the train until after it had started. The habit of riding back on the cow-catched should not be allowed by the company, especially in wet or icy weather. The accident happened about 9 o'clock in the morning, and there was ice yet on the frog and cow-catcher. I heard a brakesman says that his conductor always told him not to a tempt to ride back and forth on the cow-catcher.

There were no boys who jumped on the engine, as the *Watchman* says there were. Several men said they thought they heard the boys hallooing, but I knew at once it was a cry of distress and started at once for the engine. There was no stop at Maderia, the next station; nor Houtzdale, nor Osceola, more than to change passengers, until we came to Jones' planing mill at Philipsburg, where the young man was carried to his mother's house. I am told his mother depended on "Jim," as they called him, for a living. ISAAC HAUPT.

New Corporations Chartered.

On Thursday there were issued at the State Department in Harrisburg charters as follows:

Scranton Glass Company, of Scranton. capital $100,000.

Oliver Iron and Steel Company of Pittsburg; capital, $1,000,000. The directors are Henry W. Oliver, Jr., and David B. Oliver, of Allegheny; John Philips, Jas. Smith and Henry W. Oliver, of Pittsburg.

The Penn Mutual Building and Loan Association, of Pittsburg; capital, $250,000.

Citizens' Light and Fuel Company, of Millerstown, Butler county; capital, $10,000.

About Diphtheria.

Diphtheria has lately increased in various parts of this State, and Dr. E. M. Hunt, Secretary of the Board of Health, thinks this is largely due to the damp cellars which are heated in the fall. This theory has been verified for several years by reports from various places where the disease has raged. The Doctor says that during the summer, in many cellars a good deal of vegetable matter is allowed to decay, and when the fires are started in the fall this decayed matter is stirred up and mingled with a peculiar dampness which must be in the cellar, and it prevades the entire house. This is the cause of much of the diphtheria, and the Board is trying to induce the people to guard against it.

Accident to Mrs. F. C. Richard.

On Friday evening, after Mrs. F. C. Richard, of East Lamb street, had made a social call at the home of Mrs. E. C. Chambers, her next-door neighbor, she met with quite a severe accident. As she left the house and was passing down the flight of several steps leading to the yard she slipped from one of the steps and fell to the landing below. One of her arms and a finger of one hand were broken.

The accident of Mrs. Richard is quite a distressing one—not only to herself, but also to her family and many friends. We hope that the injured members will soon recover their wonted strength.

—One night recently—probably on Hallow-e'en—some one set fire to timber on the farm belonging to Mr. Woodcock, near Snow Shoe, and the fire proved quite destructive. They also greatly damaged the house located on the farm by taking out the window sash and doors and hanging them on the trees near by. They tore down the porches. We cannot account for such a spirit of destructiveness.

—Next year will be a peculiar one in this respect, that the last three numerals which compose it will be the same figures, a circumstance which can occur only once in a century, or, more strictly speaking, once in 111 years. It will be 111 years before another "three of a kind" (1999) will be reached.—Ex.

Oh, no it can occur sooner sometimes. For instance the year after 1999 will be 2000, which also has "three of a kind."

Literary.

THE USUAL EXERCISES IN THE HIGH SCHOOL FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Bernice Moore's essay was entitled "Plato." It was more than creditable and was well read. Herbert Miller's essay was entitled "Trees." "The Chieftain's Daughter" was declaimed by Kline Woodring. "Is there room in Angel's Land?" was the pretty and suggestive title of Jennie Lukerback's excellent recitation. George Graham followed with an interesting essay on "Benjamin Franklin," doing that distinguished man full justice. Next came Charles A. Rowan, who declaimed about "Glory." Myra Holliday stepped lightly on the platform and read an essay on "Mary, Queen of Scots." "Athanae, Queen of the Air," was the lofty theme of Flora Meyer's recitation, very well rendered. Research and investigation were evident in Joseph Guggenheimer's "History of the Umbrella"—an essay. "The Seminole's Defiance" was a declamation which William A. Butts delivered. If the amount of fun caused by George McC. Potter's essay on that subject is an index to the character of the production it was funny, indeed.

After Jennie Lukenbach and Fannie Twitmire had finished the duet, "Whispering Hope," the other pupils whispered the hope that they might frequently hear them in the future. Lillie Smith's recitation was entitled, "The Drunkard's Retrospect." Much information about "The Art of Printing" was given in Mattie Keller's essay. "How Cyrus Laid the Cable" was told by Anna Macbride in a recitation. With the usual expressive gesticulation Roy B. Mattern, in an essay, gave figures concerning "Manufacturing." "Kidnapped in Mercy" is a peculiar title for a recitation or other such exercise, but it was what Marion Nivling recited in good style. Rebie Garman's essay was entitled "Music," an art, by the way, with which she is very familiar. There was a great deal of humor in Ed. P. Butts' declamation—"The Rash Bet." Lee B. Woodcock's essay on "The Mammoth Cave" was very excellent. Music by the school closed the exercises. REX.

HALL'S

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75 cts.

CATARRH CURE.

—The State Council Order of American Firemen met in Lebanon, Wednesday. Gen. J. P. S. Gobin delivered the address of welcome for Mayor Hoffer, and Thomas A. Raymond, Secretary of the National Council responded. There were delegates in attendance from Councils at Philadelphia, Reading, Harrisburg, Shenandoah, Bethlehem, Mechanicsburg, Huntingdon, Tyrone and Lewistown. The State officers elected are: State President, E. L. Tittle, of Harrisburg; State Vice President, Geo. W. Miller, Reading; State Secretary, W. W. Wunder, Reading; State Treasurer, G. Greenberg, Huntingdon; State Warden, L. Charles Seckleman, Bethlehem. It was decided to meet at Huntingdon next year. In the evening addresses were delivered by Secretary Raymond and others in the court house. A banque was held at the City Hotel.

Meeting of Grange.

The Centre county Pomona Grange No. 13, P. of H., will meet in the hall of Progress Grange, at Centre Hall, Friday, November 25th, at 10 o'clock. The election of officers for the years 1888 and 1889 will take place in the afternoon. The committees on picnic arrangements will report. Let every Subordinate Grange in the county be represented. Business will be transacted at this meeting of importance. Let there be a general turn out from all parts of the county.

JAS. C. GILLILAND, Sec.
JAS. A. KELLER, Master.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after testing its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 1911yeow

Bellefonte Republican,

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

Local Department.

—The church festival season is here.

—Really, it's high time for another wedding.

—Sunday was one of the loveliest days of the season.

—Warm cakes are good for breakfast these mornings.

—New boards are being put in various boardwalks hereabouts.

—Henry Green, of Spring Mills, has been granted a pension.

—Trade dollars, says an exchange, are now worth only about 60 cents.

—If you want a debating society in town this winter oganize it now.

—Thanksgiving turkeys are beginning to think that their days are numbered.

—The Altoona *Times* has made arrangements to appear in a new Fall dress next Monday.

—Every marriageable female will rejoice that leap year will be here in less than two months.

—A young child of Mr. Hamilton Otto has been extremely ill for several days. Hope the little one will soon recover.

—Garman's hotel appears, not only elegant, but also home-like and comfortable as one looks in through the handsome windows.

—When they organize a mob over in London they do it with a vengeance. They have had years of experience. America is young yet, and Chicago has great possibilities.—*Ex.*

—An estimate was prepared at the executive department at Harrisburg last week of the present population of Pennsylvania, based on the number of taxables in 1886. The population is placed at 5,074,527, an increase of about 800,000 since 1880.

—The *Gazette and Bulletin* announces a lecture to have been delivered in Trout Run on Monday night by Miss Downblazer. Wonder if the *G. and B.* don't mean Miss Puella Dornblazer, who is too well known to have her name misspelled that way.

—Usually it is Father Time who carries the scythe. But on Monday night it looked suspiciously like Prof. David Lieb and Prof. Etters who carried that instrument through the street. Just what fie.d of grass or grain they intended to mow is as yet a mystery.

—Rev. Mr. Brown, the pastor of the A. M. E. church, conducted the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Tuesday evening. There will be no meeting this evening, because of the regular prayer meetings in the churches. On Thursday evening a meeting for young men will be held in Association Hall.

—We notice by a large sign on the Bush Arcade that one of the store rooms in that new structure is already rented, to be occupied with a full stock of new goods January 1, 1888. If this intention is carried out some very lively work must be done on it and in it during the next six weeks.

—The Bucknell University foot-ball team will play a match game at State College next Saturday morning. Game called at 10 a. m. The Pennsylvania State College team played an excellent game at Lewisburg last Saturday, defeating the University team by a score of 54 to 0.

—Mrs. Bryan, the woman who was severely wounded several weeks ago, has become so ill again that she is compelled to lie in bed and cannot retain any food on her stomach. She had become quite strong and was thought to be on a fair way to recovery The change in her condition is regarded as quite serious.

—A slight change in the railroad schedule went into effect on the Bald Eagle railroad and Snow Shoe Branch on Monday. The only variation from the former schedule is the departure of the express, west, at 10:25 a. m. instead of 10:35 and the departure of the morning train on the Snow Shoe road at 9:42 instead of 9. The other trains remain as before.

—Two monuments have recently been erected by Mr. Mayes, the marble man located at Houserville, to which he desires to call the attention of the people of this county. One is in memory of the late Mrs. Lydia Bottorf and may be seen in the cemetery at Pine Grove. The other is over the grave of the late Christain Houtz at Shiloh churchyard. When you look at those memorials to the dead be sure to take special notice to the style of lettering, which is said to be more than usually artistic and elegant.

—A creek has been discovered in what is known as the Northwestern Territory which is so much impregnated with carbonate of lime that everything put into it becomes solidified and like marble. A scheme has been carried into execution to purchase it and use it for turning dead bodies into stone, which, it is believed will be preferred to either burial or cremation. If the bodies of dead friends can be petrified they can always be kept by the mourning survivors and it will be unnecessary to make statues of them.

Days in School.

THE WAY THE TIME IS EMPLOYED AT THE BELLEFONTE ACADEMY.

Knowing that the schools are the most important institutions in Bellefonte, we shall not neglect them. A dollar spent for education is better than ten in business enterprises—valuable as the latter are. Bellefonte has a school which for the thoroughness of its instruction and wide and excellent reputation has no superior.

Monday afternoon found us rapping at the door of Prof. James P. Hughes' school room. That gentleman and a class of about fifteen were deep in the depths, or high on the heights, which ever you wish to term it, of advanced Grammar. They have reached that stage of skill in this branch which enables them to take a sentence which does not seem to contain so very many parts—and then to analyze it so thoroughly and find so many relative parts as to astonish any one who has not made a study of the English language. Of course, the Professor has gained, through years of experience and study, a perfect comprehension of this art and leads the pupils onward with exceptional skill. They showed themselves to have almost mastered the subject. In the course of illustrations and examples of adjective modifiers, articles, etc., the expression "a historian" was given, which Prof. Hughes maintains is correct instead as "an historian" as given in some Grammars. Under his watchful eye he has the young gentlemen of the school. A brighter collection of youths is seldom seen. If we may judge fairly of them the future honors of the school will be safe in their hands.

When we reached Miss Reid's room in the front part of the building, first floor, she was engaged in giving instruction in Astronomical Geography, motions of the earth on its axis and around the sun being the important subjects brought out and explained by illustrations. Her questions are direct and her explanations clear and convincing. Miss Reid has a remarkably strong control over the pupils who come under her sway, influencing them not only by rule but by a magnetic attraction akin to that which directs the needle to the pole.

Miss Emma Hughes has the younger pupils in a room overhead. Youthful as her pupils are, she is already giving them introductory instructions in Grammar, and they showed that they have quite an extensive knowledge of the nouns and verbs and the way to form the plurals and singulars of words. It is wise for the pupils, however young, to begin these language lessons, as correct habits of speech cannot commence too early. Many habits of speech, once formed, are almost impossible to correct entirely.

We must not forget to record the fact that Mr. James R. Hughes', the Principal's son, is engaged, nearly all the school hours, in a smaller apartment back of his father's school room, in hearing recitations in the classics. Mr. Hughes has always shown special aptitude and skill in this delightful field of knowledge and he is qualified as very few are to impart the key which unlocks the way to the study of Greek, Latin and other languages which are part of the classical course.

Of course, the above are only incidents with which each day is filled. The teachers are enthusiastic and efficient—no wonder that the pupils are bright and ambitious.

—The Hebrew population of Bellefonte will be interested in reading the following special dispatch from Huntingdon to the Altoona *Tribune*, as they are doubtless acquainted with the contracting parties to the marriage. The telegram, dated the 13th, reads: The leading social event of the season thus far in this place transpired this evening, on the occasion of the celebration of the marriage engagement of two prominent members of the Hebrew faith, the groom being Mr. Gilbert Bernstein, of the firm of Wittenberg & Bernstein, wholesale grocers of Philadelphia, and the bride, Miss Minnie Greenberg, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Greenberg, a leading tailor of Fourth St., this place. As is customary with leading Hebrew families, the engagement ceremonies of Mr. Bernstein and Miss Greenberg this evening were of the most brilliant and elaborate description. The interior of the residence of the bride was most beautifully decorated, and in a degree transformed into a veritable tropical paradise. The prospective groom was accompanied by a number of his most intimate Philadelphia friends, who, with the leading members of the Hebrew society of this place, swelled the attendance at the ceremonies to large proportions. This is the first formal Hebrew marriage engagement that has ever been observed in this county strictly in accordance with the customs of the Jewish church.

—Mr. James Milliken has received numerous letters of congratulation from men of financial prominence on his timely and able article recently published in the Philadelphia *Press*. One of the letters is from Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New York City, who says that Mr. Milliken's reasons are conclusive to him (Mr. Astor) that there is no danger of a financial panic in the near future. Mr. Astor is the head of the great Astor family in New York—one of the richest in America. He writes in a legible hand and his signature, though good for $100,000,000 or more, does not possess any peculiarities from that of the man who is not worth a cent.

A RARE COMBINATION.

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

We are making an offer that was never paralleled in this county.

To every *new* subscriber who pays one full year in advance ($2.00) we will send the Philadelphia *Weekly Press* one year *free*.

To every *old* subscriber who pays all arrearages and one full year in advance of the date of payment, we will send the *Weekly Press* one year *free*.

Until further notice the REPUBLICAN and the Philadelphia *Weekly Press, one year* for $2.00.

Ninety-two long columns—enough matter to make a book—for only 4 cents a week. Think of it!

The REPUBLICAN gives all the local news and everything that makes a good local paper. It is the largest, handsomest, newsiest, best. What the REPUBLICAN is to the county the *Weekly Press* is to the State. It is beyond question the most valuable weekly paper Pennsylvanians can read. Now is the time to subscribe.

Suggestive in its Beauty.

As to the new Arcade Building we are inclined to ask—Does it show the taste of Mr. Welch, the architect, exclusively, or had Mr. Calloway and Mrs. Bush and perhaps the Messrs. George and Harry Bush, part in planning it? It is a perfect gem and a large one at that—a veritable Kohinoor diamond. As the brick work rises gracefully and beautifully and ornamental parts of the building are displayed, one by one, people are compelled to praise and admire. Why, even with the scaffolding in front of and around it, as is at present, it is admirable. The impression made on one is not that of imposing or even grand architecture—but one of perfect taste and beauty—artistic in its conception. The architect is a gentleman who can judge accurately, by the appearance on paper and in his mind's eye just what the effect will be when a reality. The building is large and at the same time graceful. It is one which can be looked at long and minutely and always with the result of discovering new attractions. The eye does not tire in viewing it. It is like a picture by a great master—everything being in proper proportion and each part by itself being a thing of beauty. The brick walls creating such a fine effect one is anxious to see the completion of the structure up to the towers. We have faith to believe that they will be correspondingly handsome.

How excellent is a handsome structure! It not only gives pleasure to its owner, but it affords satisfaction to all who see it. The Arcade is already incomparably more beautiful than any other structure of any kind in the town. Perhaps, with the rapid growth now being experienced by the town, the principal thoroughfares will soon be graced on either side, with structures of equal elegance. Does not the conviction come home to many of our citizens that it would be a proper act just now, to contribute $30,000 for the purpose of erecting a building for the Y. M. C. A., which, while it will be an ornament to the town, will also be a monument to public spirit and a desire for morality which will speak volumes to every visitor from other towns to Bellefonte?

A Valuable Invention.

Mr. George W. Rodgers, of this place, has been granted a patent on a water gauge for locomotive boilers. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is experimenting with the gauge with a view to its adoption. The opinion of experts is universal that the gauge is of great value. We hope that its future development and adoption may equal the anticipations of all who have expressed themselves so favorably concerning it, and that it may be one of the means to add to the safety and completeness of that modern marvel—the locomotive boiler.

—The room in which J. C. Weaver and Clevan Dinges, insurance agents are located is quite large, though, they say, not too large for their purpose. They have not arranged it all yet in the condition it is to be when in "ship shape." Of course, they live in the front part of the room near the large windows. The roomy space in the rear, next the hall, will accommodate customers and if they become too numerous there is a trap door in the centre that can be removed to lower the pressing multitude and make space for more.

—There was a very enjoyable gathering in Milesburg on Saturday evening. Quite a large party was given at the home of Mr. Caldwell. The company was made up of young people from Milesburg and Bellefonte. The Bellefonters rode to Milesburg on the Snow Shoe train. Young's orchestra was on hand and rendered delightful music. As may be imagined the merry young folks passed the hours in the most agreeable manner, dancing and other festivities continuing until a late hour. They returned to Bellefonte in Walker's hack.

Mr. C. T. Bell and wife, of State College, visited friends at Pleasant Gap on Saturday and Sunday.

A Young Man's Death.

THE FATAL AND TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO ELMER E GORMAN.

On Sunday morning, shortly after 2 o'clock, Elmer E. Gorman met with an accident which soon resulted in his death. He was a yard switchman employed on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, and the accident occurred at Charters Station. The Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* on Monday, said of it: "Gorman was only recently employed by the company. He is 28 years of age and his home is at Bellefonte, Pa. The unfortunate man was attempting to couple freight cars when the accident occurred. The car which was approaching him was laden with old rails, and the movement of the car had displaced a few of them. Those on top projected over the edge of the car some distance, but, owing to the darkness, Gorman failed to see them. As he was about to stoop to set the coupling link, one of the rails struck him on the head and penetrated several inches, frightfully fracturing his skull. Gorman was rendered insensible and fell upon the track, sustaining additional injury to his back by being struck by the car. The latter, however, had come to a standstill, or he would have been terrible mangled. He was picked up by his fellow trainmen, who summoned a physician. As soon as it was possible to remove him he was brought to the city and taken to the West Penn Hospital. Gorman received all necessary attention, but he never regained consciousness and died at 10 o'clock. The body will be sent to Bellefonte."

According to the above announcement, the body arrived here at 8.45 o'clock on Tuesday evening. His mother resides here and a brother works in the Nail Works. He was married, leaving a widow and one child. The funeral services took place from the Methodist church Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. D. S. Monroe, D. D., officiating.

Philipsburg Again.

The Reliance fire Company's benefit—the Dime Museum—was a grand financial success. The old saying is, "Give the Devil his dues," but in this case, S. G. Crissman deserves the credit alone for its great success. You bet Steel always makes whatever he participates in a success.

We are awful glad to see Frank Brumbaugh well enough to be about again, after a long and serious siege of typhoid fever.

H. L. Caldwell has been granted the contract for erecting the new match factory (not *watch* factory) as the *Daily News* said a few days since. It wont be long until the lucifers are being made in our town.

A three months old child of Rev. Wasson, of the United Brethren church, was discovered dead in bed on Sabbath a week ago. Mrs. Wasson had gotten up and went down stairs to get the Reverend's breakfast preparatory to his going out to meet his appointments, when he went up stairs and discovered that the child was dead. Before that time and before the good lady went down stairs she thought it was asleep. It was taken to Bellefonte for interment.

Jim Moore is now snuggly fitted up in his new barber shop in Mrs. Ellen Nelson's residence, on Front street.

A revival is to be started in the Methodist church very soon.

Plumber Aikens spent Sunday at Glasgow, Cambria Co., seeing his best girl.

Jeweler Fiestal is recovering from a recent siege of bad cold.

Charley Doyle, the accommodating butcher for his brother Tom, will start a new meat market in the room just vacated by James Moore. Mr. Jeffrey Hayes is his partner. Charley has hosts of friends and will meet with success without a doubt. He is a young and well-liked gentleman, whom it is a pleasure to see use the steel and knife.

How about that car trimming manufactory? We learn that if natural gas can be found here, there will be an institution of that kind started here. Hunt up the natural gas, now.

The young man who was knocked off the railroad bridge the other day, and who has had a hand amputated is now getting along nicely. He is quartered at at Peter Ashcroft's Hotel and has first class attention paid to him. He is a Scotchman by birth.

SOME ONE.

Pure Baking Powder.

Modern times have made baking powder one of the prime necessities of culinary use. In ancient times it was not heard of. But we leave the past behind us and plunge forward into the future. Now, our bread, cakes, pies, etc., must be made light as a feather and as flakey as the snow drift with baking powder. But the awful truth confronts us that much of the baking powder is not pure material. The prevalence of adulteration reaches even here and this great modern addition to culinary art suffers greatly. Almost are we persuaded to go back to old-time methods. But, hold! There is, indeed, one baking powder in Bellefonte which we can depend upon as absolutely pure. It is that manufactured at J. Zeller & Son's drug store. It is made by Mr. Zeller, himself, and can be depended upon as perfectly reliable. By purchasing baking powder of Mr. Zeller, not only are we certain of obtaining the pure article, but we also have opportunity to patronize the home trade. Housekeepers, purchasers and everybody, here's your opportunity to buy pure goods—Zeller's Baking Powder. Try it, next time you want to use this article.

Personal Pencilings.

Dr. Tobin, of Stormstown, was among the agreeable gentlemen in Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. Zach Steele, who is now employed in the railroad yard in Tyrone, spent Monday in town with his relatives.

Mrs. Ardell, the wife of John Ardell, Jr., and her sister, Miss Lottie Crittenden, spent Monday with friends in Lock Haven.

Miss Grace Norton, an accomplished and lovely young lady from Bennington, Vt., is a guest of Miss Orvis, daughter of ex Judge John H. Orvis.

Mrs. J. L. Forbes, of Chambersburg, Pa., is a guest at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. A. Woodcock, on East Linn street, in this place.

Mr. G. S. Post of Williamsport, who was expected to take the Brockerhoff House, has finally decided not to do so and other applications for it are being received.

Miss Lillie Barrett, the fair and efficient telephone operator, after a very long visit in the city of Brotherly Love and Sisterly Affection, is once more in Bellefonte manipulating the telephone apparatus.

It always gives us pleasure to see Hon. James P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg; hence, we were much pleased about 11 o'clock A. M. on Thursday when he stood in front of Hon. John B. Linn's office in this place.

Rev. S. A. Taggart, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., arrived in Bellefonte on the 8.45 p. m., train on Tuesday and remained until on Wednesday, when he entered the 2 o'clock train to go to the State College.

Mrs. F. C. Richard, who met with such an unfortunate fall on Friday evening, breaking her arm and sustaining other injuries, is said to be resting easily, with prospects of becoming quite well again in a month's time.

Mr. Ellis Iddings, of Mill Creek, Huntingdon county was in Bellefonte on Monday. His wife has recently been visiting friends in this vicinity, and we regret to hear that she was ill during almost all of her visit.

Rev. D. S. Monroe, D. D., will deliver the sermon to-morrow before the faculty and students of the State College. It will be mare than ordinarily interesting, the occasion being the beginning of the week of prayer in the Y. M. C. A. of that institution.

Mr. W. A Usborn, of the Wilson Boiler Co., of Westfield, N. Y., has been a guest of the Bush House for the past week, being engaged in placing the boilers in the new Bush Arcade for the Logan Machine Works. Mr. Usborn, in addition to being a pleasant gentleman socially, has evidenced the fact that he is an expert in his line and that his company does nothing by halves.

Rev. W. H. Zeigler, of Anderson, Indiana, has been spending a few days with his brother, Rev. J. Zeigler, at Snow Shoe Intersection. He is a pleasant gentleman and speaks in enthusiastic terms of the growth and prospects of the locality in which he resides, being in the centre of the natural gas belt. He says that the gas will soon be piped to Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Rev. Mr. Zeigler departed Monday evening for his home.

Milesburg Items.

The Clymer Family gave entertainments here two nights in succession. Both were excellent.

The mystery surrounding the query—how that lump of coal could have hit Mr. Miles? is made still greater when he says he was sixteen instead of six feet away from the railroad.

Our boastful Democrats now keep in the shade.

We need a law and order society here very badly.

We had a slight fall of snow here on Thursday.

Some boy or boys broke into Mr. John Lehman's stable and broke open his tool chest, stealing a number of tools. He has put up notices informing them that if they return the tools he will not prosecute; otherwise, he will, as he knows who the parties are.

Miss Bessie Stover, of Salona, is now the guest of Miss Flora Smith.

Wedded.

A wedding party of four persons stopped at the home of Rev. Chas. T. Steck at 10.15 o'clock on Wednesday and the two who were made one by the reverend gentleman were Mr. Jackson Baker, of Bannerville, Snyder county, Pa., and Miss Annie C. Markle, of this place. When the pleasant ceremony was completed they reentered their conveyances and went onward. They have our earnest congratulations.

—Holmes & Conley's store in Milesburg is certainly a credit to that place. It is large, filled with well-selected goods, and its proprietors are agreeable and polite—excellent business men. Mr. Conley, the junior member of the firm, has a large acquaintance, and the firm attracts patronage, not only from Milesburg, but from quite a wide extent of surrounding country.

A Political Retrospect and Summary of Local News.

STORMSTOWN, Nov. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Did the readers of your paper hear anything drop on Nov. 8th? Methinks they did. John Miles, John Hoy and Jos. Neff think they are bigger than the Democratic party and they are, too; and now the above gentlemen will sail around through Centre Co. and dare any democratic politician to tread on their coat-tails.

The Democrats of this township are very busy explaining the whys, wherefores, &c. They make the air all blue. The good-natured sheriff was here the night before the election and explained to us all that the county was good for 700 to 900. Now, sheriff how is it?

Mr. Samuel Harpster, who contemplated selling his farm and moving to Clearfield Co. if Mr. Griest was re-elected commissioner, has concluded to remain in Centre for the present.

Poor old Jack is dead—
He died a few days ago;
And he had no hair on the top of his head
The place where his hair ought to grow.

And the voters said unto Daniel: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, step up higher," and Daniel stepped up. And the voters said unto Noll, Grove, Morrison and Kimport: "We have weighed you and you are found wanting and we therefore shall cast you out where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." And the voters said unto Rupp: "We will try you a little wee bit."

Mrs. Smith, mother of Martin Smith at Marengo, died on Sunday morning. I do not know her age but she was quite an old lady.

Jacob and Miles Mattern have about two thousand bushels of potatoes.

Jos. Rumberger is a good man, but just how he comes to shock his corn fodder on top of his fence posts is something that the writer cannot explain; but Joe used to live in Patton twp.

'Squire Lever met with a loss a few days ago. He put two five dollar bills in his vest pocket and when he wanted to use them they were some place else; and now the good Squire thinks that if they had been one dollar silver pieces that he could have claimed them by the eagles that are on them; but Rev. Noble shakes his head as though he doubted the 'Squire's ability to prove his money by the eagle stamped on the face of Uncle Sam's big dollar. NADAB.

A Larger Tribune.

The expenditures of the New York press for news and for the mechanical apparatus for producing newspapers are amazing. The New York TRIBUNE will put into its press-room before the 1st of January next three presses worth $40,000 each, having an aggregate value of $120,000, and an aggregate capacity of 72,000 copies an hour output. This is a heavy investment, but it will enable the TRIBUNE not only to run off its daily edition in two hours, and its weekly in about three, but also to fold the supplement sheet into the main sheet by machinery, and, in the daily edition at least, to paste the two sheets together. The TRIBUNE gives the benefit of its solid prosperity to its readers continually, in larger and larger expenditures for news; and now it proposes to enlarge its great weekly newspaper by the addition of from 4 to 8 pages of actual reading matter regularly. The WEEKLY TRIBUNE, always a grand newspaper, Republican and loyal to the core, with a "fighting record," in politics of the finest description, and always a positive force in public affairs, will now give its readers from a third to a half more reading than in previous years, and without increase of expense to the subscriber. The paper enters the Presidential campaign well equipped for its work. The TRIBUNE is doing valiant work for the old soldiers just now, and is giving the matter of a "service pension," a great deal of space for their benefit. It also has set a movement on foot which aims at securing increased protection to the farmers of the country in the tariff. New subscribers will receive this great paper until January 1, 1889. Among the premiums offered this year with its Weekly are "The New York Tribune's History of the United States and Pocket Atlas of the World," a handsome and valuable work; an amusing novelty in the way of a "Presidential Pocket Knife," and an interesting "Popular Picture Gallery." The TRIBUNE'S Book of Open Air Sports makes a beautiful holiday gift. See Prospectus in another column.

Here's the devil to pay," said the printer when his office boy presented himself on Saturday night.

DIED.

CARTWRIGHT.—In Union township on the 9th inst., after a severe and protracted illness, Rachel, wife of David Cartwright, aged 51 years, 11 months and 24 days.

HITE.—Morris T., son of John F. and Phoebe A. Hite, died of quinsy, November 2, 1887 aged 4 years, 8 months and 22 days.

The parents are grateful to all who so kindly rendered aid in the time of their affliction. Services by Rev. J. H. Welch.

MARRIED.

LONG—GRENINGER.—On the 6th inst., at Rebersburg, by Rev J. Dotterer, Mr. John A. Long, of Spring Mills, and Miss Mary Jane Greninger, of Logan Mills, Clinton county.